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LIFE OF ROGER HAYDOCK

REV. J. WHITTLE

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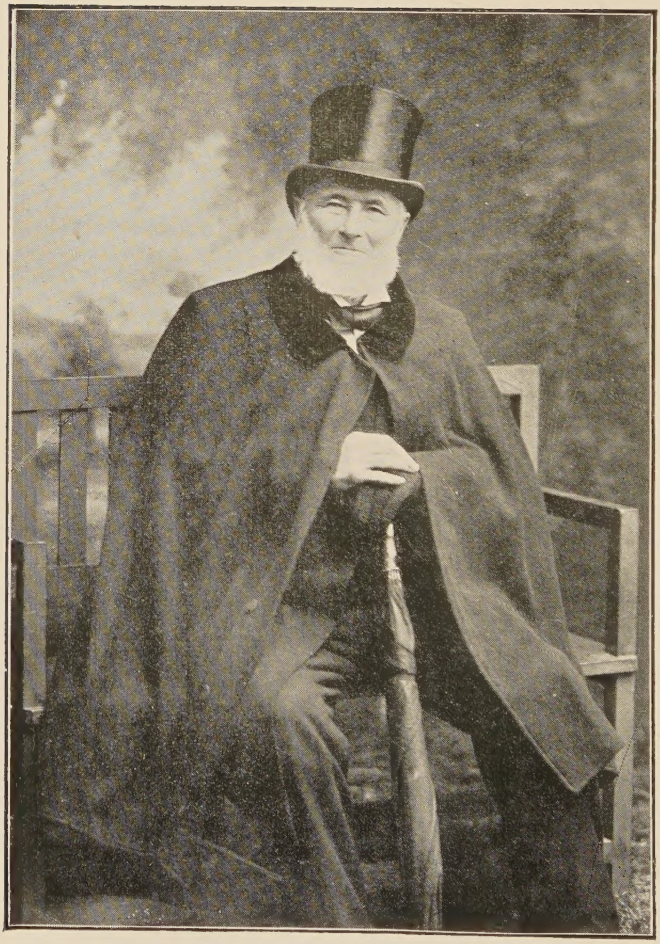
LIFE OF ROGER HAYDOCK



ROGER HAYDOCK.

"OWD ROGER"

(ROGER HAYDOCK)

Bible Colporteur and Primitive Methodist Lay Preacher

THE STORY OF A BIBLE-INSPIRED LIFE

By the

REV. JOHN WHITTLE

FOREWORD by the REV. FRED HIBBERT

BLACKBURN:
GEO. TOULMIN & SONS, Ltd., "THE TIMES" OFFICE
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Dedication.

To my esteemed friend, Mr. Joseph Cort,
who was a True Friend and Fellow-
Labourer with "Owd Roger,"
I Dedicate this Volume.

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PREFACE.

We gather up with pious care
What happy saints have left left behind:
Their deeds upon our memory bear,
Their faithful sayings in our mind.

One of the greatest privileges of my life is to have been intimately acquainted with the late Mr. Roger Haydock. To know him was to love him, and to have fellowship with him was a holy sacrament. Many times friends have said that his life deserved a permanent record, and they have urged me to write his life's story. I am exceedingly sorry that the pressure of other work prevented me from doing this before now. Adequately to express my obligations to all who have assisted me is impossible. I would like especially gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to *The Blackburn Times* for much of the information I have been able to give concerning Mr. Haydock's early days. My thanks are due and are heartily given to the *Northern Daily Telegraph*, to Mr. James Dunn, Mr. Gilbert Porter and Mr. S. Bamber and others who have supplied me with important data and incidents. And to

my friend the Rev. Fred Hibbert for his excellent "Foreword."

The purpose of the book is not to glorify Mr. Haydock, but to glorify God, whose power, grace and love were so wonderfully manifested in him. May the perusal of these pages lead to greater diligence and more heroic service for Christ, is the desire of the writer.

J.W.

Rev. F. HIBBERT.

ROGER HAYDOCK.

A FOREWORD.

Mr. Abram, in his "Blackburn Characters of a Past Generation," remarks that "the peculiarities of dress and speech and manner that marked men out as characters in a previous day tend more and more in these times of social fusion to wear out and disappear. The rubbing together of modern town life is destroying individualism. Character which expresses itself in personal singularity is looked upon as an excrescence which must be removed, if necessary, by painful means. Nowadays, whatever you do, you must not give people cause for saying that you are peculiar. In modern urban England humanity is put into the loom of conventionalism and woven in the set pattern."

There is a great deal of truth in that remark; and it is, therefore, desirable that those of a former day who may be reasonably described as characters should not be allowed to pass out of remembrance. Lancashire has produced many remarkable men. In the ordinary ranks of life many extraordinary men have been fashioned.

But Methodism has been especially rich in the possession of plain, uneducated men, who had in them the marks of genius and found in the work of the Church the opportunity for the use of their simple but undoubted powers. Roger Haydock was one of these simple Christians who, without any external advantages, possessed a remarkable spiritual insight, a keenness of perception and a quaintness of speech that made him exceedingly effective as a preacher. What could exceed this remark of his as an expression of the wonder of Divine providence in redemption: "God has nowt but sinners to mak' saints of; and when you consider th' sort of stuff He had to work wi', He has no' done so badly wi' some o' us." Or this, as an illustration of real expository skill: 'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.' Rather be a doorkeeper! Of course he had; because then he'd be th' first theer, and th' last away!"

These are but examples of the ready wit and the clear insight characteristic of this old Lancashire worthy. He had but little of what this world calls education; but he lived with God; his daily walk and conversation was with the Father; and he had a real spiritual intuition that made the things of the spirit the most real things of life.

Old Roger was always talking about religion. He thought about nothing else. Everything presented itself to his mind in the terms of the Spirit. No matter where he was or what might be the subject of conversation, Roger made it an opportunity for testifying for his Master. And nobody ever felt that it was out of place. There was no sense of the incongruous in his constant reiteration of religious truths. He was so transparently good, so through and through a Christian, so eminently a man of God, that religious talk was that which was most natural. It never had the savour of cant from his lips. It was the natural expression of his inmost thought, the inevitable fruition of his beautiful life.

I remember meeting him one fine morning just outside the gate of the Park. The weather was just perfect. The sky was of cloudless blue; the trees were rich and beautiful with their springtide robes; the birds seemed as though they would burst their little throats with their joyful melody. I said to him "Good morning, Roger. It's a beautiful morning. It's good to be alive a morning like this." And quick as thought came the answer, "Aye, God's very good to mak' a world like this for us. And, yo' know, this is only where we lodge for a little while? What'll it be when we get home?" The old man's simple faith had trans-

figured everything, and made the glory of earth into the vestibule of our heavenly home.

A friend told me that on one occasion he was travelling through Todmorden Station, and while the train was waiting he noticed Roger sat on the other platform waiting for his train. It was mid-day, and the old man opened a small parcel in which he had some food. And very simply and reverently he bowed his head to ask God's blessing. And a man in the carriage gave expression to the feeling of all when he said, "Good old soul. God bless him!"

The life of Roger Haydock was a standing testimony to the beauty of religion. To see him in the streets was a benediction. Henry Drummond says "The best evidence of Christianity is a Christian." Whittier has written:—

> The dear Lord's best interpreters
> Are humble, human souls;
> The Gospel of a life like hers
> Is more than books or scrolls.
>
> From scheme and creed the light goes out,
> The saintly fact survives:
> The blessed Master none can doubt,
> Revealed in holy lives.

And the subject of this sketch was so completely a Christian: the beauty of his life, the completeness of his devotion, the testimony of his speech

and his character was so thoroughly consistent, that no one could fail to realise and appreciate the power of a faith that could make a man like him. He was a magnificent witness to the power of Christ to save.

He was a man of absolute and unwavering faith. He lived his life in the constant sense of the nearness and the unfailing care of God. To him God was no nebulous abstraction, an unknown quantity necessary to the completion of a philosophic system, but the most real of personal friends: a Father who cared for him as a mother cares for her child. He believed that God knew him, and was interested in him, and that He would let no harm come to him. And because in his daily life he was trying to do God's will, and in his work distributing God's word, he was perfectly convinced that God would see to it that nobody robbed him. I have often heard him say with evident pride, that in the whole course of his long experience as a colporteur for the Bible Society he had never been robbed of a single halfpenny. It seemed strange to him that business men should talk about their losses. He had such confidence in his fellows and such absolute faith in God that the possibility of being dishonestly treated never occurred to him. He used to tell the story of one man engaged in the office at a mill

where he had sold Bibles, who ran away with some of his employer's money, and also some that he had received from the weavers on Roger's account. The other people in the mill teased Roger that he had at last been robbed. But the old man's faith was quite undisturbed. "He ll bring it back," he said. "The Lord 'll give him no rest until he brings it back." And sure enough the man came back and repaid Roger the money that was due to him. "He could no' do owt else," was the old man's simple comment. He did not feel that this was remarkable. To him it was inevitable. His whole life was lived in the service of God. What he did he did as the servant of the Lord; and so, according to the teaching of Jesus, he trusted that God would look after him, and he was not disappointed.

I never knew a man so devoted to the service of God, and so conscious of the Divine leading and providence. He realised his own limitations, but he honestly tried to do his best. I have heard him say, "I never refused to do anything the Church axed me to do. I often thought I wor hardly fit for th' job; but I did my best; and if I failed th' blame was not wi' me, but wi' th' Church for axing me." How his devotion and readiness shame us who try to find excuses for not doing what we do not want to do! In these days of great oppor-

tunities and few workers, how the old man's willingness comes to us as a rebuke and an inspiration!

Roger Haydock was a striking illustration of the compelling power of simple goodness. Poor, as far as this world's goods are concerned, with little education, moving, all his life, in the humblest ranks of society, he had gained a position of influence which few men secure, and the universal respect of the whole community. It is not too much to say that he was beloved by everybody. After all, it is character that tells: "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." The funeral of the old Christian was a striking testimony to the worth of his character. The Mayor and Corporation attended the service in the Primitive Methodist Chapel with which he had been associated for so long; practically all the leading people of the town were present, whatever their political party or religious persuasion; the streets were lined all the way to the cemetery, with a deeply reverent crowd; in all the houses along the route the blinds were drawn; even the public-houses had closed their doors, though Roger was so earnest a temperance advocate. All classes and conditions joined in a living tribute of affection to the veteran who had won the esteem of all by the

beauty of his life and the simplicity of his Christian character.

To know Roger Haydock was a privilege. To be included among his friends was a benediction. His faith reproved our doubts; his earnestness condemned our indifference; his simple goodness and upright character was an unfailing inspiration. He has been removed from our earthly fellowship, but, being dead, he yet speaketh, and his works do follow him. May we be followers of those who through faith and patience now inherit the promises.

"OWD ROGER."

CHAPTER I.—BIRTH AND EARLY DAYS.

"The Memory of the just is blessed.
"An honest man is the noblest work of God'

It is right to perpetuate the names of the great and good, and to preserve the words and deeds of their lives. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Upon the Christian Church the duty is enjoined by express command to remember those who have spoken to us the word of God and to imitate their faith. Matthew Henry, in his note on the translation of Elijah, referring to the incident of Elisha's taking up the mantle that fell from the ascended prophet, and with it smiting the waters of Jordan, remarks: "There are remains of great and good men, which like this mantle ought to be gathered up and preserved by the survivors—their sayings, their doings,—that as their works follow them, in the reward of them, they may stay behind in the benefit of them." Believing this, I desire to tell the life story of the late Mr. Roger Haydock, better known as "Owd Roger," or "Blackburn's

Grand Old Man." It is a story well worth telling. His life was so rich in incident, so full of interest, so fraught with inspiration and blessing to multitudes, that it deserves a permanent record. If I can only transfer the living story to type, how it will glow and throb with holy fire.

Mr. Haydock for 63 years was a member of the Montague Street Primitive Methodist Church, a lay preacher for 61 years, and Bible Colporteur for more than 40 years. He was one of God's true saints, his goodness was an inspiration; the best loved man in the town of Blackburn, hundreds acknowledge that he had been their guide to Christ and many owned him as their spiritual father. He had a wonderful insight into spiritual things. He was a man of quaint speech, and this was always the more telling because expressed in the Lancashire vernacular. Let me see if I can give you the picture of him as I knew him. A sturdy old man with the stoop of age, wearing a cape of antique cut, and tall hat of ancient style: a fresh complexion with locks and beard white with the snows of years, a face always beaming, an eye full of sparkle, who, as he walked along with steady slow step, had a nod and pleasant smile for everyone; this was Roger Haydock, better known as "Owd Roger, th' Bible seller." If you asked him his age, he would invariably

answer "I am three days older than Mester Gladstone." He was born on December 26th, 1809, that wonderful year which gave so many great men to the world—Tennyson to poetry; Gladstone to politics; Darwin to science; and Mendelssohn to music. He lived under five Sovereigns of the reigning House of Hanover: George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria, and Edward VII.

Roger was the fourth of a family of twelve children, five brothers and seven sisters, sons and daughters of George Haydock, a small farmer and hand-loom weaver, of Clayton-le-Dale. His mother was a native of Mellor, and the family had removed to Clayton-le-Dale only a few years before Roger was born. His father was a man of some note in the district. He was singing-master at Salesbury Old Church for the long period of 46 years. Roger had a very vivid recollection of the choir meetings at his father's house—meetings at which a big bass fiddle and a clarionet figured prominently. His father was a good man, with very strict views as to the training of his family. Not a card or a dominoe was ever seen in the house.

Roger was born in stirring times. When Waterloo was fought he was five years old, but the recollections of those days were with him to the

last. He used to tell how that the name of Napoleon struck terror into the hearts of the people of Lancashire, and he could relate with great clearness the scenes witnessed in the little hamlet on the other side of Mellor Brook when the glad news of Wellington's victory reached there. "You remember Wellington's victory, Roger?" "I should think I do," would be his reply. "Yes. I remember the celebration well. The neighbours formed a committee and went round borrowing all the women's bonnets, ribbons, and men's coloured handkerchiefs, and they made a colour of them, and fastened it to the bell post at Salesbury Church; that's what we called it; and we had a procession round it. Lord Derby and Lord Nelson were represented in character. Oh, yes, I recollect that. How old should I be then? Why, about six. This Bonyparte died in St. Helena. Oh, we were glad they had taken 'Bony,' and we used to say we shouldn't be plagued with him any more, and we wern't."

What a story Old Roger could tell of the old days of protection, and of the antipathy of the hand-loom weavers to the introduction of the steam-power loom. In reminiscent mood Roger could have filled volumes, for he had not only the long life and the observant eye, but the retentive memory. "At four years of age," Roger would

say, "I became a bobbin minder. Three years after I acted as minder to the hand-loom weaver, and soon after took charge of the hand-loom myself." He wove what was called "narrow 70's," and the cloth was made for a Mr. Fisher who had his warehouse in Water Street. Latterly, Roger wove for Mr. Briggs, the grandfather of Mr. W. E. Briggs, who also had his warehouse in Water Street. When work was constant at the hand looms, from 8s. to 12s. a week could be earned. Besides the "narrow 70's" spoken of, Roger wove "Jaconets" and "two yards," a kind of cloth for which the weavers were unusually well paid. "In my young days," said Roger, "each family was its own manufacturer, and it often fell to my lot as a youth to journey from my home by road from Clayton-le-fold to Blackburn to obtain the raw material to supply the handlooms then in vogue." Later, as a married man, he covered the same distance to supply his own loom and that of his wife. And he rejoiced in the fact that he never allowed the weather to interfere with either that or any other journey he contemplated making. He did not remember a single occasion in the whole of his career when a proposed visit in connection with his ordinary work, the Church, Sunday School, or Meeting, had to be foregone on account of the rain; nor did he recollect on more than

three occasions in which his drenched condition compelled him to change his clothes. He was truly reared on a bread and butter diet; it was at rare intervals that he indulged in the luxury of a supper; and it was to his plain living and temperance habits that he attributed his length of days. He remembered the time when the old rhyme:

> To rise at five, to dine at nine;
> To sup at five, to bed at nine;

was actually acted up to, and he had no fear in asserting that such a course of living will

> Make a man live to ninety and nine.

Having had in early life the hard experience of existence under Protection, it is not surprising that he was such an ardent believer in Free Trade. For in his early days wheat stood at famine prices. Salt was taxed thirty times its ordinary value. I have heard Roger say that in their family of fourteen they could only afford sixpennyworth of flour a fortnight, and he has known his mother to give one shilling and two pence per pound for sugar and seven shillings per pound for tea. In his youthful days, Mr. Haydock's father impressed upon his children the absolute necessity of placing implicit faith in the good government of the country. The Government was infallible,

in his opinion, and everything they did or said could be nothing else but right. Childlike, Roger placed reliance in the word of his parent, and it was only "when his eyes were opened" that he saw the good man's faith was unfounded. Things in those days, Roger said, were very dear; we were hampered on all sides: poor pay and expensive food. Tea was only a luxury for grown-ups, children were never permitted to partake of it. The youngsters' drink consisted of cloves, pennyroyal, etc. There were fourteen mouths to feed in our family, and so economy had to be practised. Flour being such a price, it was a rare thing for us children to take white bread. Meal, however, was fairly cheap, and this formed our chief item of diet. Flesh meat was a luxury to be dreamt of, but very rarely to be tasted. We had three times a day "hasty puddings," and for our Sunday dinner potatoes and bacon "collŭps." Mr. Haydock always made it perfectly clear that the conditions obtaining in his dwelling were no exception; on the other hand, a family that could boast of a "red herring meal" was considered as belonging to the higher class. Throughout these times—"hard times" Roger called them—the Conservatives held the reins of office, and Preston was the nearest town that was represented by a Member of Parliament. The majority of the

people in the neighbourhood in which he lived were in ignorance of any such thing as a vote, and the only Parliamentary news which reached the inhabitants was through the medium of the *Preston Guardian*, the only paper then circulating in that part of Lancashire. Even one copy of this journal was considered an expensive luxury, and the people in the district so arranged it that a different family bought the paper each week for the public benefit. An old Irish woman who followed the calling of a rag-gatherer, and who hailed from Preston, visited the district at stated intervals, and returned home much the richer, not in the consideration of her particular trade, but in coins received to satisfy an eager crowd of dwellers who anticipated her appearance and who sought to be posted up with the "latest" news of the day—which was generally some months old. Mr. Haydock had a vivid recollection of the keen struggle between the Conservative Member for Preston, Lord Derby, and Harry Hunt.

On one occasion the *Guardian* presented as a supplement a portrait of Fergus O'Connor, the great Chartist. This was such a prize, that, after it had been exhibited before the admiring eyes of the villagers, the usual method of shaking the dice was employed to determine the proud possessor. Roger proved the winner, and carried the treasure

to his home in high glee. Roger was a young man when the agitation for the abolition of the Corn laws, with Cobden and Bright at its head, inspired hope amongst the common people. He was one who attended a meeting in James Street Congregational Church, then newly built, and he said "Didn't we cheer Cobden's speech?" He also mentioned that, previous to the repeal, when the agitation was at its highest, a song was popular with the people at Lower Fold, the chorus of which was to the effect,

> That we'll all go up to Lond-y-on
> To get the Corn Law repealed.

It was the memory of those days that was an assurance to Roger in his later years, that the Protectionist movement of to-day was bound to fail. "What!" he would say, "Go back to Protection? I would nearly as soon give up my faith in this (laying his hand on his Bible) as believe that the people in England will give up Free Trade. Any man, whoever he be, who talks about taxing the children's bread, then the sooner the Lord makes him ready and takes him home the better." The early industrial troubles and plug drawing riots he remembered perfectly. "What about the introduction of machinery, Roger?" "Ah! the steam loom, the riots, the troubles, the

sorrow! Yea, I remember them. Why in 1826 we used to say we might as well pack up at once and get out of the country. Everybody seemed to be out of work, men walked the streets for the want of something to do, and even the barest necessities of life were hard to get. The country all over was in uproar. Meetings were called and vigorous speeches delivered, and the Government came in for a great deal of criticism and condemnation. They were blamed for trade being so bad and so many people being out of work. It was during this period of distress that Revidge Road from Four Lanes End to Mile End was being made. The men engaged in its construction were paid one shilling per day. Then at the top of all this trouble came the steam loom, and with it the downfall of the hand loom. The people couldn't stand it. They said Lancashire was ruined for ever, and the sooner they cleared out and went to other countries and the better, for if they stayed in this country they were sure to starve. They were troublesome times, I can assure yo." At the time Blackburn was but a small place with two constables, Tom Woodall and Owd Kay, I think they were called. When the steam loom with its accompanying machinery was first introduced into Blackburn a great change took place in the methods and conditions under which the people

laboured. The peaceful home industries, which had been followed for generations, were supplanted by the noisome factory, with its hideous discords of groaning cranks, flying wheels, and exploding steam. In place of the freedom the workers had enjoyed in their cottage workshops, they were now disciplined and crowded into huge unhealthy buildings, with excessively long hours of toil. It was not long, therefore, before signs of a revolt against the changed conditions appeared. The masters employing the new machinery were denounced as enemies of the people, and the workers of Blackburn and district rose up in a body, determined to expel the steam monster from their midst. A mob, said Roger, was quickly formed, under the leadership of a farm labourer named Dick Dawson, and augmented by hand-loom weavers from the country districts, such as Ribchester, Rishton, Lower and Higher Cunliffe, Langho, Wilpshire, and other places. This army of folks expressed their determination to banish the invader, the steam loom, and they proceeded to the Dandy Mill, situated where the present Palace Theatre now stands, and which had been one of the first to adopt the obnoxious machinery. They entered the buildings by force, and flung the "new-fangled looms, etc.," out of the windows into the Parish Church yard.

The whole district was in a state of ferment. It was on a Monday during the summer that the mob first met at the top of Enfields Brow, and here they decided their first plan of campaign. After wrecking their vengeance upon the Blackburn mills, they proceeded on the highway to Low Moor, gathering recruits along the way. I was not married at this time, but my future wife and three other young women joined the procession. The rebels passed within half a mile of where I lived, but my mother locked the door and refused to allow any of us to go out. When the rioters arrived at Low Moor they found that Mr. Garnett had made preparation for them by barricading his mill, and had provided a number of men with rifles with orders to shoot the attackers. And the mob, hearing of this, wisely turned back. In those days it was usual for the inhabitants to make meal bread, owing to the high price of flour, and the cakes hung over the fireplace. On returning, the mob, feeling their need of food, made no more ado than to visit all the houses in the neighbourhood and take all the eatables they could lay their hands on, principally the oat cakes referred to. The crowd then dispersed, but for months after the chief talk in the district was that our industry was absolutely ruined because of the hated machinery, and I along with the rest be-

lieved this to be the case, until I found out in time that steam after all was a good thing. In spite of the strong opposition, more mills began to be fitted with steam and machinery, and it was not unusual for the people to look out for the smoke issuing from the chimney, and where this was seen to join together and take the place by storm, stop the engines, and let off the steam—"plug drawing," they called it. This sort of thing continued year after year, but the people had to pay for it. Many were transported, two of them from Ribchester. Then matters calmed down. The Chartist movement began. Corn was freed from duty, and trade began to be more prosperous. For a long time, however, many were afraid of entering the mills where the steam looms were; but after being starved for a while they were only too glad to learn the new method of weaving. Mr. Haydock mentioned that some of the earliest mills which adopted the new looms were the Wensley Fold Old Mill, run by Mr. Lund; Forrest's Navigation Mill, and old Livsey's Mill. Mr. William and Mr. John Gregson, the veteran teetotalers, were among the first to learn the art. John rose in position, and afterwards was a manufacturer in a small way. William devoted himself entirely to the temperance cause, and was for a period temperance missionary in Blackburn.

CHAPTER II.

ROGER'S MARRIAGE—HOW HE SIGNED THE PLEDGE.—HIS TEMPERANCE LABOURS.

> Hail, wedded love! by gracious heaven designed;
> At once the source and glory of mankind.
> 'Tis this can toil and grief and pain assuage,
> Secure our youth and dignify our age.

"He that findeth a wife," says the wise man, "findeth a good thing." "A good wife," says L. M. Strech, "makes the cares of the world sit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasures. She is man's best companion in prosperity, and his only friend in adversity; the most careful preserver of his health, and the kindest attendant on his sickness, a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, and a discreet manager of all his affairs." And Roger, in finding a wife, found a good thing. At 24 years of age, "on the very day," he used to say with emphasis, "I was married at the Blackburn Parish Church to Mary Howarth, who lived with her parents near to the side of Wilpshire Station." This was no light responsibility, for, whatever may be the case now, the familiar saying that "what will keep one will

Mrs. HAYDOCK.

keep two" was not found to work out exactly in practice. He used to speak with perfect frankness of his domestic difficulties. From various friends the young people obtained help which enabled them to "furnish," if not completely, at least to a sufficient extent, and in due time they rented a house of their own. For me and eawr Mary, Roger used to say, made up our minds on one thing: we would not commence our married life in debt. In her whom he delighted to call "eawr Mary" he found a true helpmeet, one who shared his joys and sorrows until death separated them, which was fifteen years before Roger received his home-call. Mr. Thomas Gregson, who was Mr. Haydock's Assistant Class Leader, says: "I had many opportunities of witnessing not only the trusting faith of Roger, but also of his wife, who was a member of the same Class. I have often thought how greatly blessed he was in having such a help-meet. What a pillar of strength and comfort she was to him at all times."

Soon after his marriage Roger gave up weaving and went to live at Lower Cunliffe, and commenced to work in the stone quarry of Mr. Wm. Forrest. Mr. Forrest employed him for nearly twenty years. "When I began quarrying, they used to pay us 2s. 4d. per day, and we thought we were doing well when it was raised

to half-a-crown. Bit by bit we were raised till we had three shillings a day, which we thought to be a grand wage."

Roger, as can be well understood, was no scholar, and one of the earliest duties of Mrs. Haydock's married life was to teach her husband to read. Moreover, Mrs. Haydock was inclined to be both religious and a teetotaler, but for a long time she could not persuade her husband to take the pledge. Such a thing was the height of folly in his mind. When a youth Roger followed the custom of those days and learned to drink, believing it to be good for him. He thought it was impossible for a man to follow the hard work of a quarryman without drink, and he was often vexed with his wife for telling him that, if he would sign the pledge she would do so too. At this time Roger was very popular with publicans, for he was a capital singer and dancer, and could keep a company together as well as any man. However, after a while a man named William Ainsworth, whom he had known all his life, came to work beside him, and with much persuasion induced Roger to go with him to some temperance meetings. At one held in the Church School at Clayton-le-Moors, and addressed by a Mrs. Pearson, he was greatly impressed, and next day he kept turning the arguments for teetotalism over

in his mind as he worked, and he came to the conclusion that there might be something in it. A few days after attending this meeting he had been imbibing a little too freely of drink, and he had to pass by a cottage where there was a loom at work, and, as he rested himself against a wall, he said the shuttle in the hand loom kept clicking out the words:—

Tha drunken sot,
Tha drunken sot,
Tick at a tack,
Tick at a tack,
Get up and do better,
Get up and do better.

That night he went to a temperance meeting with Mr. Ainsworth, held at the old Music Hall off Mincing Lane, and at the close of an eloquent address given by the late Dr. Skinner, of Mount Street Presbyterian Chapel, Roger signed the pledge. This was on Easter Tuesday, April 9th, 1841, and for 63 years he remained true to the pledge. Another quarryman named William Cross signed at the same time. Both of them agreed that each should pay threepence per week to the foreman of the quarry, and if one broke the pledge the other was to have all the money. Cross broke his pledge; but Roger, who was made of stronger metal, kept his to his dying day, but, with a

generosity always characteristic of the old man, he refused to take the money the two had paid, to be forfeited if either failed to keep his promise. Roger, after he had signed the pledge, was subjected to a great deal of ridicule by the other men at the quarry, who solemnly assured him he would die if he gave up the drink. "Everyone that knew me in the district in which I lived said I could not possibly live without drink, and I should soon fall back into my old ways My mates said 'There's nowt abeawt teetotaling or religion that u'll suit Roger. He'll soon be back agean amongst us, yo u'll see.' I was visited by someone every day to see if I was still alive, or if I had broken my pledge. They kept saying to one another: 'Aw see he's still keeping up wi' hes teetotaling, but he'll nod last much longer yo'ull see, he'll dee as sure as he's a mon, he'll dee.'"

Roger had some extraordinary tales to relate about the drink and the drunkenness of those early days. He used to tell how foolish he himself had been, telling how when he was going home one Saturday evening with his wife, having been drinking too freely. She had the baby, and they had purchased a bag of flour. Alternately they carried the baby and bag of flour. Roger got ahead of his wife, and when she arrived home she found him rocking the cradle with the bag of flour

in it. Another incident that Roger used to relate was, that on one occasion he had been drinking heavily with some of his boon companions, the result being that when he started for his home late in the darkness of the night, he was so helplessly drunk that in staggering along the highway to Rishton he fell in the middle of the road, and was not only unable to rise again, but unable even to articulate a cry for assistance. He had not been lying there very long in this condition when, to his terror, he heard the wheels of an approaching conveyance. The dangerous position he was in can be easily imagined; but his chief recollection of the affair in after life was mumbling to himself:—"Eh, hoss, if tha hes ta run o'er me, do id as gently as tha con!"

In the early days of the temperance movement in Blackburn, there was some amount of division in the Churches upon the relative merits of moderate drinking and total abstinence, and it was not uncommon for even ministers of the Gospel to engage in public debate on the subject. Roger, who, after he signed the pledge became an uncompromising supporter of the principle of total abstinence, was consequently much interested in the question, and was present at one of these debates, which took place in the town, between the Rev. Alexander Fraser, a prominent

Congregationalist, and the Rev. Francis Skinner, D.D., an equally prominent Presbyterian, the former affirming the utility of moderation, and the latter the duty of the Church to uphold total abstinence. As the supporters of the two parties were about equal, much excitement was generated during the debate, and Roger, who followed the course of the discussion very closely, was no less excited than the rest. When leaving the meeting at the termination of the discussion, he happened to be near to Mr. Fraser, who had championed the cause of moderators, and knowing him slightly he went to him, and putting his hand upon his shoulder, shook it vigorously, saying in an excited voice, "Wey, mon, yo korn'd see into th' in'seet of id."

Never had the temperance cause a warmer or a more enthusiastic adherent than Roger. He took an active part in the working of the temperance society in Blackburn, and he often spoke of the ardent labours of the first temperance reformers. He said that, besides the temperance meetings held in the old Music Hall every week, it was their custom to hold teetotal meetings in the open air, and to procession the streets singing favourite temperance hymns. Taking their stand in the open Market Place, or at the juncture of two or three streets, a little band of workers would rouse

the whole neighbourhood by singing together such hymns as:—

Rise and shine through every nation,
O thou temperance star divine!
Cheer and bless the whole creation,
Enter every heart and mind.
Rouse the drunkards,
Teach them to be wise in time.

By way of variety, or as a good marching song, they would sing the other favourite hymn:—

Pledged in a noble cause,
We here each other greet,
And, bound by temperance laws,
As friends and brothers meet,
To make a full determined stand
Against the foe that rules our land.

By the hearty singing of these popular hymns many were attracted, and these working men giving their testimony to their own class of the benefits of teetotalism, showing how that, though they worked in quarries, and in factories, in mines, and in ironworks, this hard work could be done, and better done, without the aid of alcoholic liquors, thereby winning many converts, and hundreds of homes once sad and miserable through intemperance were blessed.

Roger travelled hundreds of miles in and around Blackburn in his advocacy of teetotalism. The Rev. T. Wilshaw says he travelled from

Blackburn nearly every week to hold Band of Hope meetings at Clayton-le-Moors. When quite a lad he signed the pledge at a meeting conducted by Mr. Haydock, and from him he received his Band of Hope pledge.

The following is the copy of an address which was largely circulated by the first Preston and Blackburn Total Abstinence Societies, and shows the spirit and earnestness of the workers of that day:—

> To Tipplers, *Drunkards*, and Backsliders. Friends,—You are miserable and wretched, both in body, soul, and circumstances. Your families and friends are suffering through your folly. You have no place here, and can have no place hereafter; and all this proceeds from the delusive, maddening habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. You are told that these liquors do you good. *It is a falsehood invented and propagated for the purpose of getting your money.* Judge of the good they have done by the *effects* which they have produced upon *yourselves* and *others*. Oh! shun the public-house as you would do a plague, and the company of drunkards as you would do a gang of robbers.
>
> Friends, we were once drunkards, and most of us were in the same wretched condition as

yourselves, but, being reclaimed, we are anxious for you to enjoy the same liberty and blessings which we enjoy. We *are now happy;* our wives are comfortable; our children are provided for; we are better in health, better in circumstances; we have peace of mind, and no tongue can tell what comfort we have enjoyed since we became consistent members of the Temperance Society. Ale and strong drink have slain more than war and pestilence; and while we refuse no kind of food or drink which God hath sent, we abstain from all diluted poison, *manufactured* to ruin mankind and to rob our country of its greatness. *We have seen our delusion, and we now drink neither ale, wine, gin, rum, nor brandy, nor any kind of intoxicating liquor. There is no safety for you nor us but in giving up entirely.* Come forward, then, ye tipplers, drunkards, and backsliders, attend our meetings, and be resolved to cast off the fetters of intemperance, *and once and for ever determine to be free*!

Roger used to relate with keen enjoyment an amusing experience which befel him in one of his early attempts to speak on the temperance platform. A number of his fellow quarrymen, hearing that he was going to make a speech, attended the meeting, and Roger, who had primed him-

self with a number of statistics and facts from Joseph Livsey's famous "Malt Lecture," was explaining to his audience the nature of the stuff with which men got fuddled, when he was completely floored by one of the quarrymen jocularly calling out: "Roger, wod do they fuddle fish wi'?" So utterly discomfited was poor Roger by this question, that, think as he would, he was unable to make a suitable reply, and to the great merriment of the audience his speech came to an abrupt termination. The following morning there was many a laugh in the quarry at the way in which Roger had been caught the previous evening, and when meal time came round he was subjected to quite a lot of good-humoured banter at the hands of his mates, one of them saying: "Eh, Roger, we fairly hed yo fastened last neet, when yo cudd'nt tell us wod they fuddled fish wi'." This time, however, Roger was not so easily caught napping, for quick as a flash he retorted "Wey, mon, I didn't go'oa to th' meeting to tell um wod they fuddled fish wi'. Aw went to tell um abeawt stuff as they fuddled men wi'."

When the old Temperance Society was succeeded by the Band of Hope and Temperance Union, Roger's activity on behalf of the cause was not one whit relinquished. He took a deep in-

terest in the Rechabite Order. The Ebenezer Tent was formed in 1840, and Roger joined in 1841. At the time of his death he was the oldest member of the Tent. His son-in-law joined in 1850; and his grandson, Mr. W. H. Walmsley joined March 17th, 1890, and occupies the position of Secretary to the Tent at the present time, and earnestly serves the cause his father and grandfather loved so well.

Mr. Haydock was also much interested in the work of the United Kingdom Alliance. He was always present at the Annual Meetings, and was recognised by the members of the Committee as one of their most ardent workers. He was a strong supporter of the Local Option Bill when it was first introduced, and worked indefatigably on its behalf, spending a great amount of time in going from house to house canvassing for signatures to a petition promoted by the United Kingdom Alliance.

Mr. Joseph Cort tells a characteristic story of an experience they had together whilst engaged in this work. They had called at a house, and Roger was making the request for the signature, in his usual earnest manner, when the man roughly interrupted him by demanding to know "wod id were o abeawt?" Roger thereupon began to explain to him the principle of the Bill, but

had not proceeded far before the man interrupted him again, saying, with a number of oaths, "Aw'll tell yo wod id is, its nowt bud an owd Radical dodge." Roger, shocked at the man's intemperate language, and a little nettled at the interpretation put upon the object of their visit, warmly retorted with "Nowt bud an owd Radical dodge, do yo say? Do yo know thad unless yo're a Radical yo corn'd enter into heaven?" The man stared with amazement at Roger, and Mr. Cort himself felt some little embarrassment, wondering what explanation he would offer for such a strong statement as this. His mind, however, was quickly set at rest when Roger added: "Aye, aw meon wod aw say. Unless the Lord 'radicates' thad evil eawt o' yo're heart, yo'll never ged into heaven!"

In every department of the temperance movement he was to the fore, and hundreds through his example and advocacy joined the temperance cause. Being asked by a friend how many people he had been instrumental in getting them to sign the pledge, Roger became bewildered: "Eh, I couldn't tell yo. I should say many thousands. People used to come to my house in Clayton Street on purpose to sign, and I never used to go out. In fact, I never go out now without having pledge cards with me."

OLD PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH BRANCH ROAD.

Reference is made to his enthusiastic work in the early days of the temperance movement in Blackburn, in the published life of the late William Gregson, the well-known temperance advocate.

CHAPTER III.—ROGER'S CONVERSION.

O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God.
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
P. DODDRIDGE.

For some years before Mr. Haydock signed the pledge he had been struggling with a desire to become a Christian. But the public-house had always stood in the way. Now that he had taken the pledge this obstacle was removed. He who would be truly saved feels the need of the Saviour. Roger felt this need. One day, whilst walking in the lane, near Peacock Row, in Little Harwood, he was suddenly arrested by a voice from behind his shoulders, bidding him to mend his ways, and flee from the wrath to come. Quickly turning,

nothing met his astonished gaze. But he believed it to be the call of the Holy Spirit to his soul. Deeply convicted of sin, in great distress of soul, he sought here and there relief. The thickest darkness seemed to gather round and settle on his spirit. He felt that without a sense of God's favour he could not live, but where to go and what to do, he knew not. At length the day of deliverance, the time of finding came. So far as I can, I will give you the history of this great crisis in Roger's own words, as he gave it to me. "One Sunday morning, feeling anxious and troubled about my soul, I was idly passing by Astley Gate, when I met a friend who said 'Come on with me, Roger, there's a woman preaching at Branch Road Chapel this morning.' I went with him. For many weeks I had been impressed, and I wished to hear something about being born again, passing from death unto life, and I went from one place to another, but they either said nowt about it, or did not make it plain enough for me to understand it. But when I heard this lady preach, she was so plain and earnest, that I kept saying 'This is the place for me, this is the place for me.' The lady preacher was Mrs. Susannah Pickles, a friend of the late Mrs. Heywood, whom Roger always spoke of as 'my mother in the Lord.' A few Sundays after hearing this lady

preach they were having a lovefeast at the Branch Road Chapel, at which I was present. And while it was going on, my heart was as heavy as if a big pack was weighing on it. I stayed to the prayer meeting, and they were going to finish up, when one of them said 'Let us make a little overtime.' It was just then that all the heavy load fell off me. I saw Jesus on Calvary as my Saviour. And I went singing and preaching all the way home. Some thought I had gone off it, and some said it would not last more than a week."

> When I first commenced my journey,
> Many said he would turn aside;
> But they all have been deceived,
> On the road I still am found.

From that time Roger felt indescribably happy. He felt a sudden translation from darkness to light, from guilt and oppressive fear to confidence and peace. He was like a person who had got into a new world. Now he saw and felt that "Being justified by faith, he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." He fully and clearly knew that he was a child of God; the Spirit bore this witness in his conscience, and he could no more have doubted it than he could of the reality of his own existence. Roger, having found the liberty of God's children, felt a powerful

instinct in his heart to enjoy communion with those of whom he could now say "Their father is my Father, and their God is my God." He lost no time in becoming a member, thus at once giving his heart to God and his hand to His cause and people.

CHAPTER IV.—SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

THOMSON.

After Mr. Haydock's conversion and joining the Church, he had an ardent desire to be useful. This is how he expressed it to me: "When I first found peace I felt that I must labour for souls. I prayed that God would use me in some way to do good." This love of souls is a God like emotion. Every true child of God feels this love. It is an important characteristic of the renewed nature. Roger was not long in seeking out a field of service. He was of sympathetic nature, and his interest from his conversion was not less in the child than in the man. Someone asked one of our

poets, "What is your creed?" And he replied, "My creed is: I love God and every little child." Roger was a living example of that creed. He had always the tender heart of a child. There was a delightful simplicity and gentleness in his nature which betokened childlike trustfulness. He was fond of children, and they were just as fond of him, and always listened to his voice with evident pleasure and profit. His one great trouble after his conversion was that he could not read, for he had never had any schooling when a youth. In his childhood there was no beneficent Factory Act or compulsory Education Act. He began work too early to get any book knowledge in the day school, and there was no Sunday School in the district in which he lived. His wife was a fair scholar, and she set herself the task of teaching him his letters. The work was slow and arduous, but Roger was a patient scholar, and he stuck to his lessons because of the strong desire he had to become a teacher of the Infant Class; and he found how true it is that the best way to learn is to teach others. In teaching the infants their letters, and in hearing them spelling, Roger was all the while learning. After a time, when he could read fluently, they made him Superintendent of the School, an office he held for the long period of 35 years. During the whole of that time

he was never absent (except when preaching) from the School for a single Sunday. *Regularity* and *punctuality* were strong features in Roger's character. He once attended a Sunday School Conference, and heard a Superintendent say he had only been late once and missed once in five years. But Roger said on his return: "I could a' towd um of a Superintendent who hed neyther missed nor been late for twenty years." It was his proud boast that for the whole period of 35 years he was only once three minutes late. Yes, he was a model of punctuality. It was his rule to be at the School a quarter of an hour before the commencement of the session, and he never missed the early Teachers' Prayer Meeting that was held monthly. His wife was also a Sunday School teacher, and despite the labours of bringing up a family of nine children, she filled the post for over twenty years.

Roger took a special interest in the devotional exercises of the Sunday School. The following were some of his favourite hymns:—

"Jesus, the name high over all."

"Scatter seeds of kindness."

"On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,"

The chorus of which was:

"I'll away to the Sabbath School."

He was so fond of this hymn that he would have it sung sometimes during the summer.

"From every stormy wind that blows"

was another of his favourite hymns, and about the singing of it on one occasion the following story is told. This hymn was being sung one Sunday morning when a partition in the old School gave way, and a quantity of sawdust fell upon Roger just when they had reached the line in the hymn: "And heaven comes down our souls to greet." A little disconcerted at this unexpected interruption, he paused for a moment to look up at the ceiling, from where some particles of sawdust were still falling, and then proceeded calmly with the service,—the incident, to his mind, investing the lines they were singing with a deeper significance, for he was heard to say, "Id o comes from aboon."

A resolution was once moved at a teachers' meeting over which Roger presided, having reference to the starting of the hymns. He brushed aside both resolution and critics by saying "Wod do yo know abeawt singing?"

He had a most persuasive way of enlisting teachers. Mr. R. Pickersgill says, whenever a teacher failed to turn up it was Mr. Haydock's invariable practice to go to the First Young Men's Class and desire one of the members to fill the vacancy. On many occasions Mr. Pickersgill re-

members the old man coming to him, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, saying, in his coaxing way, "Neaw Rutchard, we're a teycher short. Aw want tha to be a gap-stopper." And Mr. David Bond, who was a member of the class, says that if any of the young men were reluctant, he would say "I never refused to do anything as Church axed mo to do since I wor converted. I felt mony a time as I couldn'd do id, but I never refused id when id wor Church as axed mo." When he resigned the position of Superintendent he still kept up his interest in the School, and his deep love and affection for the children. His hand of blessing was often on their heads; his devotion to them in the home, and in the school and in the street was a life benediction. What a picture it was when Roger was 94 years of age to see the little boys and girls, as he walked the streets of Blackburn, crowding around him, and to see him put his hand on their heads, and say, "Neaw, children, yo mun be good. Yo know wi con all be good." His heart never did grow old. Up to the last it was his habit to give brief addresses in the School, a frequent subject being the sad prevalence of Sabbath breaking. It was a matter of deep concern to him, that with greater prosperity there had come a great amount of dissipation on the Sunday.

He was many times asked to become the President of the Blackburn Sunday School Union, but he always declined, desiring to serve in a humbler sphere; but no one attended its meetings more regularly and took a deeper interest in the Union than he. He had a catholic spirit, and it gave him great joy when he saw the various sections of Christ's Church united in Christian service.

"All one in Christ." This was Roger's motto. Mr. J. A. Watson tells of an address that Roger gave at a Sunday School Union meeting, how that he illustrated the blessings flowing from Christians of various denominations meeting together by asking: "Do you ever find three-nooked stones on the beach at Blackpool? No; ther all 'snod.' The sea has rolled them o'er and o'er together, and corners are vanished. So the sea of God's love will make us loving with one another."

In recognition of his long service in connection with the Sunday School, he was the first to receive the Sunday School Union "long service" medal and diploma, when the Union issued them in 1901.

As in the busy school he sat,
What despot ever swayed
A sceptre like to his, from which
Nought living shrank afraid;
Yet gifted with a spirit charm,
The wildest boy obeyed.

JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

CHAPTER V.—ROGER—LOCAL PREACHER CLASS LEADER—HIS HELPFUL SAYINGS.

I've heard him preach when God's almighty word
Entered the souls of many sinful men,
And pierced them sharply, as a two-edged sword,
While conscience echoed back his words again.

Primitive Methodism owes a great debt to its lay preachers. Many of them have manifested a spirit of wonderful zeal and self-sacrifice, for, after working in mine, and mill, and hot forge, and from following the plough for six days, they may be seen on the Sabbath in all weathers going to their appointments. What journeys in the early days of our Church they travelled, and how numerous the services they conducted. Mr. T. Everington, of Pocklington, preached 3,000 sermons. Mr. R. Andrews walked from Newbury to Petersfield and back in order to conduct a Camp Meeting, the distance being 86 miles. Mr. W. R. Ramsey walked 9,000 miles, and Mr. W. R. Wadsworth 11,000 miles during their local ministries. Roger Haydock was a worthy member of this noble band. The simple fervent piety and zeal of our pioneers suited his temperament. Two

years after his conversion he commenced to preach, and none were in labours more abundant than he. He preached in most of the villages and hamlets for many miles around Blackburn, as well as in the town itself. The Primitive Methodists—better known then as the Ranters—were very active in Blackburn at this period. There was scarcely a street in which they had not at one time or another held a service. Mr. Haydock had a keen recollection of a sharp passage-at-arms he had on one occasion with a clergyman of the Church of England. He was conducting an open-air service in the neighbourhood of Follywell Street, when the vicar of the parish came upon the scene, and in an indignant voice demanded to know what business he had preaching there. Did he know that this was his parish? Roger, nonplussed, but only for a moment, at this interruption, turned over the leaves of his Bible and proceeded to read the passage: "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel." Then, closing the book, he looked unflinchingly into the face of the irate vicar, and said in a voice which left no doubt in his own mind about the righteousness of his act: "This might be your parish, Mr. Vicar; but yo see according to this book that all the world's my parish, an' aw'm only doing wod aw'm towd

when aw'm preaching in id." For 61 years Mr. Haydock was one of the most beloved lay preachers of the Blackburn First Circuit. His sermons were marked by striking originality of thought, apt illustrations, and intense earnestness. He saw truth from angles peculiar to himself, and expressed what he saw in forms of phrase and metaphor all his own. Few preachers possessed more strikingly the power of imagery, or had a greater storehouse of happy, homely illustrations than he had. His quaint speech, given in the Lancashire dialect, his wonderful insight into spiritual things, always made him acceptable, for he certainly had a style which bore the unmistakable impress of his own personality. There are many stories in circulation illustrative of the dramatic nature of his delivery.

Mr. R. Rawcliffe says a favourite sermon of Roger's was the one in which he drew his illustrations from his vocation as a quarryman, the tools used, and the various kinds of stone he worked amongst. The text itself was significant: Jeremiah, 23rd chapter 29th verse, "Is not my word, saith the Lord, like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" He compared men and women to the varying strata of rock with their many characteristics, and in his quaint way said: "Eawt of some stones we cud mek jawm-stooans.

They were like pillars o' t' Church. Eawt of other stooans we cud mek window-sills. Some stooans were three-nooked stooans. They were like three-nooked fooak. Yo couldn'd square um, do wod yo would. Then there wur sum kinds o' rock us were thad soft, as soon as it were touched id o coom shuttering deawn: id were only shale. Yo know there are some fooaks in t' Church who were just like shale. As soon as yo wanted um to do owt they all shaled away. They looked o reight, but they'd nowt in 'em. Then some rock were that hard they couldn't break id. I' th' delph, yo know, we used to fotch Tummy (a large hammer), an' if we couldn't break um, then we fotched Owd Tummy (the largest hammer), and if we couldn't break um then, they were no good, and we tumbled 'em deawn into Norden nossary. That's wod the Lord does wi' hard-hearted sinners."

Another sermon was from the text Hebrews xii., 1: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lad aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." In this sermon the description of Bonny Inn races and at Duckworth Hall level were realistic. He described the methods of training for such events, and told how the runners, who usually wore heavy clothing and

"gred big clogs," when the day of the race arrived took them off—they laid aside every weight, and ran. But, said Roger, in these races only one could win. But i' t' Christian race it wor different, for we could o win, if we kept going. In his sermon from 1st Psalm, verse 4: "The ungodly are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away," his description of the threshing-floor and the use of the flail was most graphic. He would describe the flail beating off the chaff, which the wind blew in all directions. Wicked people he likened unto the chaff being driven about hither and thither, until finally his native eloquence and energy rose to full force, and he would wind up by saying: Bad men are blown abeawt everywhere—to America and to Canada, and here, hesitating a moment to give greater emphasis, he would say, "And some of them to Van Diemen's Land. They are like the chaff, are the ungodly."

Many recall Roger's famous sermon on David and Goliath. Here, he would say, is a contest between a gred big giant un a little lad of God. In order to impress the size of Goliath, Roger made a great effort. Methinks I con see him coming up, his body like a gred oak tree, wi his arms stretched eawt like boughs; an' his heyd—and here Roger's descriptive powers would seem

for a moment as if they had failed him, until, in a flash of inspiration, and pointing to the clock in the front of the gallery in the chapel he said: his heyd would be as big as thad clock face. He then described David as going deawn to 't bruck an' pikeing up sum stooans, filling his little bag, goin' back an' killin' t' giant an' cuttin' off his heyd.

A sermon Roger preached which is remembered with pleasure was from the text Revelation iii., 20: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." Suppose, said Roger, Queen Victoria coom to Blackburn and called at yo'r house. Wouldn't yo let her in? An' wouldn't yo mek gret preparations for her, too? Well, isn't there another great personage who wants to come in—isn't Jesus Christ knocking at the door? Then in imagination he took his hearers down William Henry Street, which is just opposite the Chapel, and began knocking at each door in turn and describing the welcome or rejection by each householder, some calling "Whoa's theer?" and others who said "Come in." He then came to a house which was empty, found it in a lost condition, covered wi' dust an' dirt, an' full o' "attercrops'" (spiders) nests. A brush, however, was obtained, and before he left he swept and cleaned it out. That is wod Christ does when we let him into our hearts.

In speaking at a cottage meeting about Naaman the leper, Roger, who always manifested great tenderness for children, when he quoted the words "And his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean," his voice was full of pathos, and he repeated "Like unto the flesh of a little child." Aye, to be sure—to be sure.

Taking for his theme Jesus and the penitent thief, he pictured a manufacturer building a new weaving-shed, and, when it started, going to his best weaver to weave a piece of cloth to take to Manchester as a sample of what he could turn out. So with Jesus. He took the penitent to heaven, to show what grace could do—a saint made out of a sinner.

The Rev. Benjamin Hargreaves speaks of the pleasure he had in hearing Roger preach one evening at the Cherry Tree Congregational Church, of which he was then the pastor. The subject of his sermon was "Jonah and the whale." Neaw Jonah wer told by the Lord to gooa to Nineveh to preych, but he wer like a lot of other fooaks id church, when they wer axed to do any werk, wer Jonah. He wanted to ged eawt of id. And wod med id worse still—knowing us he wer doin' wrong in not obeying the voice of the Lord—he wanted to ged away, as far as he could, from

His presence. Sooa he started a running like mad to Joppa, and when he got to Joppa he heeard as ther wer a booat just settin' sail for Tarshish, sooa he went as fast as ever he could, afeeard us he'd bi too late, and paid his fare, and as soon as he'd got on th' booat he crept quietly down below so as nobody would see him. Bud he soon found id eawt, did Jonah, as id wornd as easy as id looked escaping from the presence of the Lord, for just when he wer thinking heaw nicely he'd managed to ged eawt of id o, the Lord sent a terrible storm, and th' sailors wer thad freetened as ship wer goo-in' deawn thad they started a throwing o' th' stuff into th' sea, thinking us thad would keep um up. But id wer no use. Id wer the Lord us wer dooin' id for His porpose, and when they saw this they felt sure ther wer a wrong un somewheer amongst them. Sooa they med up their minds to see wod they could see, and after talking id over a bit they said: Id's thad theer mon us we picked up at Joppa. Sooa they started a looking for Jonah, bud they couldn't find him anywheer, until at last one o' th' sailors said: Let's look in th' coyle-hole. And theer they found him fast asleep. "Come eawt," said one of them, "come eawt, tha wastrel," bud he wouldn't stor. So they med no more ado then, bud they poo'ed him eawt, and said "Wey'll find another shop for thee, owd lad," and they took

him and pitched him into th' watter. Neaw God wer watchin' id all, and sent a gred big whale which swallowed him up. Neaw, aw reckon, yo know' us this wer th' best thing as ever happened to Jonah, for he'd never been properly converted, and God kept him theer until he saw wod a big sinner he was, and cried out for mercy. God provided him wi' a Bible and plenty o' room, and he had to read id until he wer med ready to land, and just when he wer med ready for travelling and fit for circuit work God said, "Neaw, Jonah, tha con come eawt and gooa and tell th' people wod tha knows neaw, as tha didn't know before."

When Roger was over 90 years of age, at the request of Mr. Hargreaves he conducted the Watchnight Service at his Church, and gave an address from the words, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word," Luke ii., 29. "Simeon, thou hast seen a lot of things. I have seen a lot of things, but thou hast seen more nor me, and no wonder thou wants the Lord to tak' thee. I have axed Him to tak' me mony a time, but He wouldn't. But He will be doing some o' these days, and yo, too, my friends. Let us get ready as fast as we con. Let us start to-night—start to get our lamps trimmed, and fill them with plenty of oil, and have 'em burning. And then when He comes—My! we will

shout: 'Come on, Lord. We're all ready, an' have been waiting some time for Thee coming.'"

Almost one of the last public appearances of Roger was his attendance at the opening of Oxford Street Bazaar, held in the Exchange, and opened by Mr. (now Sir William) Hartley. He was asked to say a few words, and in the course of his speech he quoted his favourite text: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." And looking into the faces of those present, he quaintly added "Thers nowt to hinder yo."

But no printed words can give any adequate idea of Roger's quaint and powerful sermons. His personality, voice, gesture counted for much, they gave his sermons such freshness, that his hearers were delighted to listen to the same sermons over and over again.

Two years after his conversion Roger was made a class leader, and remained one right up to his death. And there was no work more congenial to him than this, and for none was he better fitted. Having the natural gifts of warm-hearted sympathy, ready utterance, power of forceful illustration, together with a glowing spirituality, he became in many respects a model Class Leader. Mr. T. Gregson says:—"Roger's Class was held at

seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, and entering the room on several occasions just as the clock was on seven, I have found Roger (sometimes by himself) singing some old popular hymn such as "There is a land of pure delight,' his hands and his feet going while he sung with all the power he was capable of; and if you did not get the exact air or tune, Roger made up for any shortcoming in that respect by the spirit and energy he infused into his singing. This was followed by a short prayer, and one felt the force of the poet's words as they heard Roger pray, 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.' Then he would give his experience of how the good Lord had helped him during the week. If any member in the Class was inclined to be silent, he would encourage such by saying: 'Is ther nowt yo con think abeawt as God has done for yo—no difficulty He's helped yo o'er, or no good thing He's done yo in a whole week? Just think abeawt id, un I'm sure yo'll find summat yo hev cause to thank the Lord for.'"

His love for the Class Meeting, and his devotion as a Leader, is seen in the following incident. At one time he went to work in a quarry called Sough, or better known as Spring Vale, Darwen. The first week he went to a Class Meeting at Spring Vale, but he was very much distressed at what he felt to be neglect of duty (in

ROGER WITH BIBLE VAN.

not returning to his Class at Blackburn), and he said, "I towd th' Lord if He would only spare me till another Class neet,I wod walk o' t' way after my wark to Cob Wo, where I then lived, and where I had my Class Meeting." And this he did every week as long as he worked there. The return journey meant a distance of between ten and twelve miles.

CHAPTER VI.—BIBLE COLPORTEUR.

This holy book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

Selling Bibles was the proud task of Roger's life. He had already an honourable record of religious work, as Teacher, Lay Preacher, and Class Leader, before he made his labour of love his daily occupation. How he came to enter upon this work is a story with a little interest of its own. The late Mr. John Baynes, who was at one time Mayor of the town, and one of the most highly respected citizens of Blackburn, occupied

the local Secretaryship of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Aiming at the idea of getting at least one Bible into every house in this part of the country, Mr. Baynes fixed upon Roger as the most likely man to help him. "One day," said Roger, he sent to say he would like to see me, but I wur two or three weeks before I went. He told me he wanted me to leave my work at the quarry, and to give my time to selling Bibles, an' I was to have £1 a week whether I sold ony or noan. That was a good lot of money in those days. But I didn't think I could manage it. I looked at my hands, and they were rough wi' th' quarry work. But after talking with Mr. Baynes for a quarter of an hour, I decided to take it over. And I started selling Bibles t' morning following. Mr. Baynes wur always very kind to me. If he saw me he would cum running across the street, an' ask me how I wur getting on. He's cheered me up many a time. Yo know I used to feel knocked down at times. But Bible selling wur a grand thing for me. Yo see I used to get among th' people an' preach to them religion an' teetotalism. If I had my days to come over again, I'd sooner sell Bibles than owt else."

Roger's journeyings were not confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Blackburn. In fact, he covered a considerable portion of Lancashire

and West Riding on foot. Many a time, he once said to me, have I walked my way along the road side between Bolton and Blackburn. I used to go into all the mills. All the masters—Roman Catholics an' all—gave me leave. And to one of them, a Mr. Sparrow, I and a lady subscribed and gave a copy of the New Testament and the Psalms, for which he was greatly pleased. At Accrington, Bolton, Darwen, Great Harwood, Clitheroe, Burnley, I sold my Bibles to the weavers. Many interesting stories the old man used to tell of his experiences as a Bible seller. The quaint fashion he had of hawking his wares used to attract considerable attention. He would carry a Bible in one hand and a Testament in the other, and to the people he stopped on the road, or on entering their homes he would say: I have come to sell yo a Bible for 10d. or a Testament for 4d. It is the Book of Life—just the book you want. It will teach you

> How to live and how to die,
> How to eat and how to drink,
> How to sleep and how to work;

it will bless you in life, comfort you in death, and conduct you to glory; it is good for the body and good for the soul, and lot's more things I haven't time to tell about. His humour, geniality, and his

transparent sincerity were valuable aids in securing orders.

For 20 years or more Mr. Haydock spent the greater part of the summer season at Blackpool, where he sold his books on the sands. There he had many an argument and discussion with visitors, as to the excellence of the book he sold. On one occasion the Blackpool races were on, and boys were shouting out "Race Programmes." All the time he had his hands filled with Bibles, and suddenly the thought struck him, "Why, this is a race programme, too!" So he began shouting out "This way for race programmes—not only for to-day, but for to-morrow, and next week, and for all eternity." While he was in the midst of a crowd making this announcement, a woman rushed up to him and shouted "Yes, and we shall win with them, too!" "Right you are," said Roger, "Race programmes, and showing you how you can all win." Some years after, when he was travelling from house to house in Bolton, entering one house he came across the same woman, for, as soon as she saw him she said, "Come in. You're the man that was selling the Bibles at Blackpool as race programmes, and I was the woman who told them we could all win."

A host of stories are told illustrating Roger's Bible knowledge, and his adroitness in argument

with those who thought it good fun to take a rise out of him. One day he was trying to sell Bibles to some Wigan colliers, and he was telling them in his own quaint fashion about all the good things it contained. "Ah!" said one of the audience, "that's all very well, Roger, but what about David? David was a bad egg!" Never at a loss when it came to Bible evidence, Roger replied, "Its o reet. I'm quite ready to admit that David was a bad egg, but he repented, didn't he? Let me read you the 51st Psalm," and, diving into his pack, the old man turned to the Psalm and read how David prayed for the remission of his sins of which he had made a full confession. Roger reckoned this amongst one of his triumphs with the scoffers.

One of the best known stories in connection with his colporteur work is the encounter he had with a Roman Catholic priest. One day he visited a farmhouse, and, entering into the open kitchen, he found seated along with the farmer and his family a Roman Catholic priest. Nothing daunted, Roger opened his pack, and, addressing himself to the farmer, he began with his usual earnestness to extol the merits and praises of the book he was trying to sell, but in this attempt, however, he met with scant encouragement, the farmer turning his back upon him and surlily saying, "Whey dornd

want ony books like thad here, maister." Roger, undeterred at this rebuff, was still urging the claims of the book he held in his hand, when the priest joined in the conversation by saying, "You know we Catholics do not believe in your Bible." "Do yo believe i' yor own Bible?" said Roger, turning his attention to the priest. "Why, yes, of course," was the emphatic response. "Well, doesn'd id say in you're Bible thad except yo repent un become converted, yo connot enter into heaven?" "Why, are you converted?" said the priest, with an amused smile on his face. "Wey, aye, to be sure," replied Roger, and he thereupon began to relate to those who were present the history of his conversion. "Then you are a saint?" said the priest, at the conclusion of Roger's recital. "Well," replied Roger, "there's nowt but saints and sinners in this world, and God hes nowt to mek saints eawt on but sinners, hes He?"

In the early days of Roger's life, when he was living with his parents at Bonny Inn, they were very friendly with a married couple who lived at a neighbouring farm, and who went by the name of "Bill o' th' Low" and "Mary o' th' Low," this name being given to them because of the farm at which they lived being called "Th' Low Farm." After Roger had married and gone to reside in the

town, "Bill o' th' Low" died, and his widow went to live at Belthorn and became the landlady of a low beershop—or jerry shop as they were called in those days. Many years after, Roger was in the Belthorn district selling his Bibles, when his attention was arrested by a terrible row which was taking place in a beershop close by, and going nearer to see what was the matter, he was surprised to see standing at the door of the ale-house his old neighbour, "Mary o' th' Low," who, instantly recognising, said in a beseeching voice, "Eh, Roger, is thad yo? Aw do wish yo'd come in and try to stop these men fro' feightin'. Aw cornd manage 'em wodever aw do, and ther nearly pooin' place deawn." Upon Roger expressing his willingness to do "wod he could," he was conducted by the landlady to the room where the disturbance was taking place, and partly thrusting him in, she closed the door and left him to face the quarrelsome men alone. Nothing daunted, however, Roger, who was known to several of the company, began to talk to them about the folly and wickedness of both quarrelling and drinking, and with such effect that in a short time they were subdued into something like quietness. Perceiving this, Roger asked if he might sing them a hymn, and getting a shamefaced assent of "Aye, do, Roger," from one or

two of the men, he commenced to sing in a clear voice the well-known hymn—

Come ye sinners, poor and needy;

and while he sung he was listened to with perfect silence and the closest attention. At the conclusion of the hymn Roger then asked if he could offer up a prayer, and so chastened had they become by this time that they not only willingly consented, but all of them took off their caps and knelt down on the bare flags, and when Roger had finished his prayer some of the men were in tears. Roger, desirous of still furthering the good work he had accomplished, then opened his pack, and urged upon the men to purchase a book which would help them to live better lives and would also serve to remind them of the experience they had just passed through, and so successfully did he appeal that before he came away he had sold a copy of the Bible to every man present.

One of Roger's great delights when travelling about the country selling his Bibles was to gather a little company of neighbours together around some cottage door, and deliver them some little homily on the subject he had so much at heart.

One beautiful summer evening, when engaged in addressing a small assembly of this description, from the text "What shall it profit a man if he

gain the whole world and lose his own soul," a man of sceptical turn of mind joined the little group and commenced to jeer and scoff at the idea of anyone having such a thing as a soul. Roger took no notice of the interrupter for a time, but, the scoffing continuing, he at length turned towards the man and in a tone of amazement said, "An' do yo meon to say as yo hev no soul?" "Aye!" replied the sceptic in a more derisive voice still, "I meon to say as aw hevn't any soul." Roger, now thoroughly aroused, flashed an indignant look at the man, and, pointing with his finger to some cattle which were browsing in the field close by, said in a voice ringing with scorn, "Then wod business hev yo to be here with these honest fooak; yo owt to be among them beeast in yon field!"

The faculty for happy repartee was always great in Roger. He was ever ready with an answer and an admonition to those who opposed him. On one occasion a man on the Market Place was trying to turn into ridicule the Bible story of the Gadarene swine rushing down into the sea. Roger intervened with the story of a pig he once had, that run away for a mile before it could be caught, and he asked the man "If a pig beawt a devil could run a mile, what could pigs wi' devils in them do?" This illustration effectually shut the man up.

One day as he was going on his rounds as Bible Corporteur, up to Tockholes, he noticed a cottage by the wayside, dilapidated with broken windows, and most miserable looking. The next time he went on the same journey what a change: windows in and nicely curtained, with a beautiful plant showing, the door painted. Behold! the old tenant had been turned out, and a new one had taken possession. He made use of this fact as he went his rounds, and said, "Let the Lord come in, and He will mek a change, and tooak will see it."

Blackburnians who remember the time when Captain Joy was at the head of the Fire Brigade will recall also that when the firebell rang, it was the practice of the wits of the town to cry out, "Shout for Joy! Shout for Joy!" In those days Mr. Haydock lived in Clayton Street opposite the Fire Station. The usual cry was set up one day when the fire bell rang, and it brought Roger to the door. "Aye," said he, "that's it, that's it; shout for joy—I'm saved. I'm saved from hell fire."

It was his passionate love for Christ, and the reverence for the book he sold, that explained his success in selling so many copies of the Scriptures. At one time he kept a book recording the number he sold, but some years ago it was lost. Still, he estimated that through his agency at least 100,000

Bibles and Testaments were purchased by working people whom he visited both in their homes and at their work. On an average his sales were over £300 a year; one year his sales went up to £350. If every house in Blackburn did not possess a Bible, it was not his fault, for he canvassed the town and district with a thoroughness rarely equalled. The reason of his success was that he gave the Bible the first place in his own heart and life. It was a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path, and he could speak of it as a living experience; his own character was the best proof of what he sold. He was a walking example of the truth he vended. Again and again did Roger assure his friends that "Its a grand affair selling Bibles. I used to be so happy then that many and many a time I have said to myself 'I wouldn't swop Queen Victoria places.' Yo see the Bible has such an influence over people as no other book has."

"Did you ever meet with difficulty?" I once asked him. "Once at Accrington I nearly missed getting paid. I went into a mill there, but the people hadn't any money. Well, I said, the Lord will show me how to do it. I went to the cut-looker and asked him to draw the money and hand it over to me each week. He agreed, but when he

got it he ran away to Darwen. But he couldn't get work anywhere, and so he came back to his old mill, and the manager only offered to employ him if he would submit to 10s. a week being deducted from his wages until my bill was paid. I reckon, yo know, the Lord wouldn't let him have work until he paid for those Bibles. Didn't it look sooa?"

When on account of his advanced age he discontinued the work of Bible selling, he continued to help on the cause of the Bible Society. For many years he received a pension from them of £20 a year. On the death of Mr. Baynes, who had been an energetic collector of subscriptions for the Society, Roger took up the work. The last year of his life he collected over £23. The Bible Society had a warm place in his heart, and he enlisted much powerful support for its objects. He used to tell with pardonable pride how he persuaded the late Bishop Cramer Roberts, who for some time held aloof from the Society, to interest himself in the cause. At the first meeting of the Society which he attended in Blackburn, the Bishop explained that the cause of his being there was "Roger has converted me."

With only two exceptions, for 45 years Roger was present at the Annual Meetings of the Bible

Society in Blackburn; and no meeting was regarded as complete without an address from the veteran colporteur. His cheery words, and the delightful, easy and simple way in which he addressed the meeting in his wonderful dialect, always told with the audience, who loved to hear him especially when he was in a reminiscent mood and gave them the experiences of his work in the villages and towns around Blackburn. "The dominating feature of Roger's character," says a gentleman who knew him intimately for more than forty years, "was his intense love and reverence for the Bible. His belief in the book was absolute. He did not trouble himself about what is called higher criticism, and therefore never had any difficulties in holding to his belief." The following illustrates the truth of what this gentleman says. During the ministry of the Rev. W. Gelley, who was greatly loved by Roger, Mr. Gelley had been preaching on "Jonah," and he had said something about the modern idea of the authorship of the book. A true and faithful companion of Roger's, Mr. Thomas Ashworth, said, "Eh, Gelley. Why, if Bible had said that Jonah had swallowed th' whale I could have believed it." And with emphasis Roger cried out, "To be sure, Thomas, to be sure; so could I." Roger thoroughly believed the words

of one of England's most original Christian bards:—

"It is the Book of God—What if I should
Say God of Books?
Let him that looks,
Angry at that expression as too bold,
His thoughts in silence smother,
Till he find such another."

HERBERT.

CHAPTER VII.—ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.—INTERESTING STORIES OF ROGER.

"Those to whom any anecdote is old, will not be offended if it be well applied, and those to whom it may be new will receive the double pleasure of novelty and illustration."

COLTON.

ROGER'S PRAYER WHEN VISITING MR. WATSON.

The following characteristic story is related by Mr. James Alexander Watson. Mr. Watson had been ill for some time and Roger, hearing of this, went to visit him, and when leaving, as was his invariable custom, he knelt down in the sick chamber and offered a prayer for the patient's recovery, concluding with these characteristic

words: "An' Lord give them us waits upon him plenty o' patience—for yo know, Lord, they want plenty o' patience us waits upon sick fooaks.'

ROGER'S FAITH IN THE POWER OF THE LORD TO HELP HIS WORKERS.

One of Roger's firm beliefs was that, if anyone was sincerely devoted to the Lord's cause, and keenly desirous of doing His work, no matter how unprepared they were when the call came, He would enable them to rise to the circumstances. On one occasion Roger s son, Isaiah, who was also a Local Preacher and energetic worker at Montague Street Church, was taken suddenly ill on the Sunday morning he was planned to preach. Roger, having himself an appointment to fulfil the same morning, hurried off to another local preacher, who lived close by, and explaining the circumstances to him, requested him to take the place of his son, but he was told by the person asked that he could not possibly do this as he had nothing prepared. "Nowt prepared!" said the old man in amazement. "Wey, mon, yo dornd want owt preparing. The Lord ull tell yo wod yo've to say."

REV. FRED HIBBERT'S FIRST VISIT TO ROGER.

A delightfully touching story is related by Mr. David Bond of the first visit paid by Mr. Hibbert to Roger. He had just turned 90 years of age, and

was passing through a serious illness, which it was thought he would not recover from. Mr. Hibbert, who had a great reverence for the old man, was very anxious to visit him before the end came, but, being in some senses a stranger to him, and minister of another denomination, he felt a certain amount of diffidence in the matter. But, mentioning his wish to Mr. Bond, he was assured that he would be made quite welcome, and he accompanied him to the house in which the old man lived. When they entered the room the old veteran was lying upon his bed; a look of calm repose upon his peaceful face. Immediately, however, he caught sight of Mr. Hibbert, his eyes brightened, and his face beamed with a happy smile of recognition. Holding out his feeble hand, he said, in a voice indicating the great pleasure he felt at the visit: "Eh! Thank yo, Mister Hibbert, thank yo—a grond mon like yo coming to see a poor mon like me." So deeply stirred was Mr. Hibbert at the old man's greeting, that for a moment he could hardly control his emotion. Approaching the bed, he gently took the old warrior's hand, and with tears in his eyes and a faltering voice said "Roger, it's not you that should thank me; it's me that should thank you for having the privilege of seeing and conversing with such a grand old Christian as yourself."

Another pathetic incident occurred during this visit which perplexed Mr. Hibbert not a little at the time, but which was full of significance to those who knew Roger well. For some time previous to his death the old man had been feeling the weariness of his long-drawn-out life. All the companions of his early days had been laid to rest, in many cases two and three generations before. With the exception of one daughter, with whom he resided, he had followed the remains of all his children to their final resting-place, the last and culminating sorrow being that of his cherished son Isaiah, for whom he had had a most passionate regard. Years before his own end came, his beloved wife, whom he had delighted to speak of as "Eawr Mary," had passed out of his life. He had seen nearly all those who had been actively associated with him in his religious life receive the call to enter into the larger and the fuller life. For years he had felt that his own life's work was accomplished, that he had finished the course that had been set for him to do, and nothing now remained but for him to await the call of the Master whom he so dearly loved and had so faithfully served. He was quite ready, nay, eager to receive the message, and each successive day he lived only served to accentuate the desire. Yet still he lingered on, a lonely pathetic figure, loved

and revered by all who knew him, but living in a world peopled mostly by the past. His heart still glowed with the old spiritual fire, his eyes still shone with the lustre of the faith within; but, whilst the old religious zeal was reflected in his heart and mind, time had stolen the vigour from his body and limb, causing him at times to be bowed down with the weariness of his long strenuous life of service. On more than one occasion when lying seriously ill he had believed that the summons from his Saviour had come, but, to his unspeakable sorrow, the messenger so fervently sought and prayed for had passed by, and he had recovered and seemed as likely to live on as ever.

It is not surprising that, under circumstances like these, there came moments in the old man's life when he felt somewhat despondent, and even began to wonder if by some mischance he had been overlooked by the Master. On more than one occasion, when talking of his old friends and companions who had received the home call, he was heard to sorrowfully say that "He thought the Lord must hev forgetten him."

It was about this time when, as previously mentioned, it was not expected that Roger would recover, that Mr. Hibbert paid his visit, and it was

towards the close of the visit that the incident referred to took place. The old man had been quite cheerful while his visitors were in the room, talking animatedly on the various subjects introduced. So favourably impressed was Mr. Hibbert with his vivacity that, when shaking him by the hand prior to taking his departure, he said: "Roger, you are going to get better again," when to his astonishment the smile which had been on Roger's face faded away and a look of disappointment took its place as, gazing pathetically into Mr. Hibbert's face, he mournfully said, "Do yo think sooa, Mr. Hibbert? Do yo think sooa?"

ROGER'S ZEAL AND HOMELY SPEECH.

There are many stories told which illustrate Roger's zeal and apt speech. He walked all the way from Blackburn to Clitheroe one Sunday in winter to preach. The weather being rough, the only congregation that assembled were four women and a boy. Undeterred, however, he went through the whole service as if there had been a crowded chapel, and then tramped home again. Years after, one of the few women who were present at the service came and settled in Blackburn and attended Branch Road Chapel. She was visited by her nephew, the boy who heard Roger, and together they attended the Saturday night Band

Meeting. To the surprise of both, Roger began to tell the meeting of his visit to Clitheroe, and the smallness of his congregation—four women and a lad. But, said he, thad lad is neaw grown up into a *gred leathering fellah*, and, addressing him personally, said to his overwhelming consternation "Stan' up, Will, an' led 'em o see tha."

When the Primitive Methodists were having their annual Camp Meetings Roger did not always walk in the procession, but often on the footpath amongst the lookers on, whom he used to startle by saying, "What's to do? Wheer are they going? Come on, let's see, ther mun be summat to do." A man who has since become a prominent worker in many movements, states it was at a Camp Meeting that Roger quite startled him by asking him and his sweetheart to go with him to dinner. After dinner he spoke to him in such a kind fatherly way, and then knelt down and prayed for him so fervently, that the whole of this man's after life was thereby impressed.

One day Roger was speaking to a very illiterate man upon whom he was trying to impress the idea of having faith. He seemed to make little headway, as the man seemed unable to understand. Suddenly Roger had an inspiration. He said, in his broad vernacular: Tha mun "lippen" (expect). The man "lippened," the light came, and he was saved.

It was the custom of Roger to gather about him his young converts and take them to adjacent villages to mission and preach. When doing so, he would stop on the highway and say: "Neaw, lads, let's hev a tune. Happen ther'll be sum poachers abeawt hiding an' waiting for t' dark, an' to hear a hymn sung abeawt Jesus might save 'em."

On one occasion whilst Roger was going through a weaving shed selling his Bibles, he met one of his young converts for whom he had a great regard. The lad was passing through the broad alley, when Roger accosted him by pointing to the glass roof, and saying, "Bless the Lord, lad, there's a way up, there's a way up through t' top."

Mrs. Daniel Thompson tells how on one occasion Roger had volunteered to deliver some bills announcing some special services to be held in Branch Road Chapel. After calling upon several shopkeepers, in his zeal he visited the Bank of Cunliffe, Brooks & Co., and walking up to the counter with one of the bills in his hands, he said to the astonished clerks: "Will yo pleeas be good enough to let this bill be hung up somewhere wheer it con be seen when fooaks come in. Its abeawt some revival services we're hevvin' i' th' Branch Road Primitive Methodist Chapel. Its a gradely nice bill," continued Roger, proceeding to unroll it so that it could be seen, "and it ull not shame any-

body." So transparently sincere was the old man, and so ingenuously was the request made, that for several moments the embarrassed clerks were at a loss what to say, but at length one of them courteously told him that it was not customary for them to hang bills of that description in the Bank. "Not customary!" replied Roger, "Why, id ull not do anybody any harm, I am sure. So come neaw, promise mo us yo'll led it be hung up somewheer." Then, glancing round the bank and noticing the piles of money lying about, he added: "Yo know all this money us yo hev heer id all belongs to the Lord. Its all His. None of us have nowt but what belongs to Him. And this bill is about the Lord's work. So come neaw, say us yo'll let it be put up wheer it can be seen, and the Lord's sure to bless yo for id, if yo do." Appeals like this were irresistible, and the old man's heart was gladdened by being told that he could leave the bill, and they would see that it was placed in a prominent part of the Bank. With a radiant face Roger took his departure, saying, "Thank yo, gentlemen; thank yo. The Lord bless yo all. Good day."

ONE OF ROGER'S HOMELY ILLUSTRATIONS.

In one of his sermons, Roger was trying to show how much more advisable it was to have half

a loaf rather than none at all. And in order to make it clear to his hearers how foolish it was to think otherwise, he used the following homely illustration. "Wod would yo think of a workman us wanted to ged to t' top of a heawse to fettle a chimbley, if, after his measter hed getten a ladder for him, he wouldn't hev owt to do wi' id because he cuddn'd ged from floor to t' top at th' heawse in one stride?"

A rather amusing story is told by Mr. S. Bamber. On one occasion the hymn, "I'll praise my Maker," was started, and the tune would not go. A second tune was tried, and this would not do. Roger could not stand this, and he exclaimed: "Now then, this ull nod do. Put a bit on or tak a bit off, but dornd stop!"

With advancing years one of Roger's legs began to fail him, and this at times was a source of great trouble to him, especially when it threatened to interfere with his preaching appointments. He has been known, when the new quarter's preachers' plan was given him, to first scan it carefully to see at what places he was appointed to preach, and then look down at his affected limb and say determinedly: "Aw bud I'll mek tha gooa, I'll mek tha gooa!"

ROGER, THE CANDID FRIEND.

When occasion demanded, Roger was the "candid friend," and was not afraid of speaking the reproachful word to those whom he held in the highest regard. It was his custom for many years to meet a few friends—all his juniors, by the way,—on the night of his birthday anniversary, at Mr. Duxbury's Temperance Hotel. At the very last gathering of the kind, in December of the year before his death, Roger was grieved to learn that a minister friend had a fondness for tobacco. "I've heard," he said, "that smoking is the twin child to drinking!" and he proceeded to elaborate the theme into a reproach that touched, if it did not convert, the friend for whose benefit it was intended.

In spite of the fact that Roger had been denouncing the drink business the greater part of his long life, he was held in the highest esteem by many who made their living by it. On one occasion a well-known Blackburn brewer, seeing him in the street, descended from his carriage, and shaking him heartily by the hand asked him how he was getting on. "Varra weel, thank yo, Mr. ——; varra weel." Then, placing his hand on the brewer's shoulder and gazing into his face, he added, "Bud aw do wish yo would give o'er mekkin' thad stuff!"

COTTAGES AT BANK HEY.

Roger Lived in the Centre Cottage.

How Roger stopped the Dog Fights.

Shortly after Roger's conversion, when he was living at Bank Hey, it was a regular practice every Sunday morning for a number of dissolute men to bring their dogs with them to a field just behind Roger's cottage for the purpose of engaging in the sport of dog fighting; these fights taking place amidst scenes of unspeakable brutality and disorder, the men hieing their dogs upon each other with the foulest language their tongues were capable of giving expression to, and conducting themselves more like savages than civilized beings. For a long time Roger had been troubled in his mind about the wickedness of these meetings, wanting to interfere, but afraid to do so, because of the fierceness of both the men and the dogs. But one day, after praying fervently about the matter, he resolved that if the Lord would spare him until the following Sunday he would put a stop to them, no matter what the consequences might be. The Sunday morning arriving, he arose earlier than usual, and having asked for Divine assistance in the dangerous mission he was about to undertake, he proceeded to the field, where the men had already arrived with their dogs, and amidst their jeers began to preach to them against their desecration of the Sabbath and the sinful practice they were in the habit of meeting together

for every Sunday, concluding his exhortation with the startling intimation that it was his determination, by the help of God, to put a stop to them once and for all. He spoke so earnestly that several of the men showed signs of contrition, and were preparing to leave the field with their dogs, when the rest, madly exasperated at Roger's interference, and the likelihood of their sport being spoilt, threatened that, if he did not at once "clear off," they would set their most ferocious dogs at him. With rare courage, however, Roger persisted in the task he had set himself to accomplish, defying them to do their worst, the result being that the men in their wild rage unloosed the fiercest dogs they had, and with savage oaths incited them to attack him, but, most remarkable to relate, to the complete bewilderment of their owners, the dogs refused to touch him, though every effort was made on the part of their masters to force them to do so. Completely baffled by Roger's indomitable spirit, the men at length quitted the field uttering bitter imprecations against him, but leaving him master of the situation, and from that day the neighbourhood ceased to be troubled with their presence.

Twenty years afterwards, whilst Roger was out visiting, he entered the house of an elderly couple in Byrom Street. Immediately the husband heard

Roger's voice, he gazed with astonishment at him for several moments, and then turned in amazement to his wife and said: "Si tha, Mary. Si tha, if this isn't varra man a've towd tha abeawt so often, us dogs wouldn't touch when wi set um at him."

ROGER'S AVERSION TO TRAVELLING ON SUNDAYS.

A characteristic feature of Roger's religious life was his strong objection to travelling by rail or conveyance on the Sabbath day. The following story illustrates how tenaciously he adhered to this rule, and the hardship he was prepared to undergo rather than sacrifice his principle. When Blackburn was the head of the Circuit it was the duty of the parent Church at Branch Road to supply the outlying Churches at Rishton, Clayton-le-Moors, Great Harwood, etc., with Local Preachers each Sunday, and it was the custom when the evening services were over for the preachers to meet at a certain place on the road for the purpose of bearing each other company on their way back to Blackburn. One wild stormy night they had all made their way to the appointed place, with the exception of Roger, for whom they were waiting, when it was decided in view of the tempestuous weather, which had become worse and worse, to return home by train. Shortly afterwards Roger

appeared on the scene, dripping wet with the deluge of rain that was falling, and was at once informed of their decision, and was urged for once to take the train with them. But Roger's principles were too dear to him to be sacrificed because of the weather, for, notwithstanding his drenched condition, and the fact that he was much more advanced in years than any of them, he at once expressed his determination to go forward by road, saying to them, "Well, lads, yo know wod aw think abeawt thad sort o' thing. Bud just do wod yo think best. Aw'll walk id." And with a cheery "Good-neet lads," he faced the blinding storm again and was quickly hidden from their sight by the wildness of the night. It was with deeply chastened feelings that Roger's friends seated themselves in the train for Blackburn that Sunday evening, for the thought of the old man fighting his way home through the tempest that was raging, rather than go against his convictions, was present in their minds during the journey and remained in their memories for many long years after.

ROGER'S GENEROSITY TO THE CHURCH.

Roger was not only an active worker in all matters relating to the Church, but contributed most generously to its funds, giving on many

occasions amounts which, with his slender resources, must have involved great personal sacrifice on his part.

Mr. David Bond mentions that few people apart from those who were intimately associated with him in his official Church life had any real idea how generously he gave in this direction, nor the straits he was sometimes reduced to because of his liberality.

The old man used to relate with great pride how he gave his first gold to the Church. For a long time after his conversion it had been his great ambition "t' give gowd a'th sarmons," and by dint of scraping and saving "tuppence here and sixpence theer," to use his own words, he found to his great joy that when he counted up his savings, on the eve of the anniversary Sunday, he had accumulated the sum of 10s. 2d. In great glee he gathered the various coins together, and started off to get them changed for the coveted half-sovereign at one of the shops in the neighbourhood. Gold, however, being a scarcer commodity amongst the working classes in those days than at present, he had, to his great dismay, called at quite a number of places without effecting the exchange, when at length to his great delight it was accomplished at the shop of a grocer named Mr. Beattie, a Superintendent at Furthergate

School. The following day, Roger, with his heart swelling with gratified pride and joy, gave the coin at the Sunday afternoon collection. When relating the story in after life he invariably terminated it with the following expressive words: "And aw never wur short o' gowd to give to th' sarmons after thad day."

Roger's deafness in later years gave him the privilege of a seat in the pulpit, beside the preacher. The readers will be pleased with the photograph of this unique sight—Roger with his hand to his ear, bending to catch the pastor's words.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE PASSING OF OLD ROGER.

"I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starr'd,
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul:
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
Nor the heart be thrown back from its goal."

How glorious was the sunset of Roger's noble life. With sweetest serenity of spirit, he calmly waited his end. His death was gloriously beautiful. He had no thought of death as going

"OWD ROGER" IN THE PULPIT.

through a dark valley or crossing a troubled river. To him it was a *going up*—an ascension: a passing through the golden gates to walk in the brightness and to serve for ever in the presence of the King. To many the news of his death came, notwithstanding his great age, with a shock of surprise, for up to a few weeks before his death he seemed to be in good health, as he was always in good spirits. Even up to the Thursday before his translation, he was out visiting. His remarkable vitality had been the wonder of all and the envy of many. It was only a short time before his departure that he had shown signs of any great feebleness, but keen eyes saw that the stalwart tree had begun to bend. Of mental vigour there was no trace of decay, but the outer walls of the tabernacle gave signs here and there of yielding to the strain of age. On the Thursday when he was visiting he caught a chill which, at first apparently slight, developed into bronchitis. A message was sent on Saturday evening to Dr. Bradley, who called on Sunday morning. On the Monday pneumonia set in, the pain of which brought on exhaustion; but he did not lose consciousness, for after the doctor visited him he said to his granddaughter, Mrs. Holt, "I've nearly finished!" And when she said "Do you want to go?" he answered "Yes."

A friend, congratulating him on his 94th birthday, said, "Why, Roger, you have only six more corners to turn and then you will be a hundred." "I hope not," he replied. "I am hoping I shall hear the call before then. Often and often I have said I should be glad if the Lord would take me. But His time is the right time for us all." A little while after he had said to Mrs. Holt his work was nearly finished, he clasped his hands and feebly articulated the Benediction. Then quiet sleep came, and with the fragrance of the Apostolic Benediction on his lips, and the benediction of his own good life behind him, having served his generation by the will of God, rich in the love of thousands he had inspired and helped he fell on sleep. The funeral took place amid a remarkable manifestation of public respect. Long before the hour fixed for the service to commence, worshippers clad in garments of mourning wended their way to Montague Street Primitive Methodist Church. Many were the floral wreaths that were sent.

The following townsmen, who desired to pay a last tribute of respect to the deceased, assembled at the Town Hall and walked in procession from there to the Montague Street Church:—His Worship the Mayor (Councillor J. H. Hartley, J.P.), the Deputy-Mayor (Councillor W. Tatter-

sall, J.P.), T. P. Ritzema, J.P., Rev. W. Thomasson (St. Michael's Church), Rev. B. Thompson (St. Paul's Church), Rev. G. Sumner (St. James's, Darwen), Rev. E. J. Bardsley, M.A. (St. Silas's), Rev. J. C. Webb (St. Andrew's, Livesey), Rev. A. Gallagher, M.A. (Feniscowles Church), Rev. J. P. Wilson (James Street Congregational Church), Rev. B. Hargreaves (Cherry Tree Congregational Church), Rev. J. Dugdale (Trinity Wesleyan Church), Rev. J. Farquhar, M.A. (Montague Street Baptist Church), Rev. C. J. Back (Clayton Street Wesleyan Church), Rev. W. L. Forster (Park Road Congregational Church), Rev. R. R. Baker (Paradise U.M.F.C.) Rev. J. T. Chapman (Bible Christian), Messrs. D. Campbell, John Walker, W. H. Horrocks (members of the local Committee of the Bible Society), Rev. J. J. Glover (President of the Sunday School Union), J. H. Musk, of Manchester (representing the United Kingdom Alliance), James Parkinson (local treasurer of the Bible Society Centenary Fund); a deputation from the local Independent Order of Rechabites of about 50 members, including Bro. H. A. Rose (District Secretary), Bro. Thos. Dobson (District Deputy Ruler), Bro. James Dobson (District Treasurer), Mrs. Lewis, and Mr. W. E. Moss.

The scene in the Church was one I shall never forget. As the bearers advanced up the aisle with the sacred burden, the large congregation which filled the Church rose with one accord. The pulpit was occupied by the Rev. T. R. Maland, Rev. G. Denyer, M.A., Rev. F. J. Hopkins, Rev. F. Hibbert, Rev. J. Whittle, Rev. S. Johnson, and Rev. E. Mather. The service was simple, dignified and impressive. The opening sentences were read by the Rev. T. R. Maland, after which the Rev. F. J. Hopkins gave out the grand old hymn, "O God our help in ages past." The appointed lesson was impressively read by the Rev. F. Hibbert, and the writer of this life story gave an address in which he paid an affectionate tribute to the character and work of his departed friend. Then came the favourite hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," followed by a most fervent prayer by the Vicar of Christ Church. The solemn service concluded with the Dead March in "Saul." The organist, Mr. Newell, played most sweetly "O rest in the Lord" as the coffin was carried out of the Church. A large crowd had gathered in Montague Street to witness the departure of the cortege, and thousands of spectators thronged the footpaths, and blinds were drawn along the entire route to the cemetery. In front of the hearse and mourning coaches and private carriages

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH PRESENT BUILDING

walked a long procession of persons including the deputation, the Rechabites, male and female members of the congregation, and Messrs. S. Parkinson (representing the Circuit and Society Stewards), G. Porter (the Trustees), T. Cutler, R. Pickersgill and T. Jackson (Local Preachers), and J. Cort (oldest Sunday School Superintendent). The last rites were performed by the Revs. E. Mather and T. R. Maland. The crowds which assembled in the cemetery and thronged the roads leading thereto gave witness to the love for him who was spoken of as "Blackburn's Grand Old Man."

A touching incident showing the influence of Roger's name among children is given by Mr. G. Porter. A woman, on leaving Heyworth's mill on the afternoon of Roger's death, was surprised to find her boy waiting for her at the gate. "What are you doing here, Ernest?" she said. "Eh, mother, Owd Roger's dead," said the little fellow so pathetically that one could see how he felt the loss of his old friend.

In nearly all the Blackburn churches on the Sunday following the funeral glowing tributes were paid to his worth and work. Thus he lived, serving his Church, his generation, and his God; and so at last he died, aged and honoured, passing

in peace and triumph to his rest and reward, leaving behind him a memory to be cherished, an example to be copied, and a character to be revered.

CHAPTER IX.—APPRECIATIONS.

For all that Thou in him hast wrought,
For all that Thou by him hast done,
Our warmest purest thanks be brought,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord—Thy Son.

Roger's translation from earth called forth the most beautiful tributes to his memory, and revealed the large place he had filled in the lives of so many in Blackburn. The Rev. T. R. Maland, pastor of the Primitive Methodist Church, Montague Street, preaching on the Sunday after the decease of Mr. Haydock, said:—"The man who had occupied the vacant seat near the pulpit was an ideal of goodness, in whom God lived, and through whom He had quietly but efficiently spoken to the thousands of people of all conditions and beliefs in Blackburn and neighbourhood for

many years. The life of Roger Haydock was worthy of a permanent record. The testimony of every man in the street who knew him was that he was a good man. The goodness of Roger Haydock was the faith of the childhood of many in that congregation. His devotion to them in the School, the Church, the street and the home had been a life benediction. His religion was not that of the flashlight order, for he counted more than 60 years of steady and faithful labour. His goodness had been wonderfully fascinating to the community. The man in the street knew the Christian that lived not to himself. Love could not fail to win love: that was the reason why Roger Haydock was the best loved man in the town. The congregation that gathered in the Church the previous Friday, was a picture of the power of the Gospel in the life of one man. The large gathering of representatives of every religious order of the town, the lining of the streets by the crowds, and the drawing of the blinds of the windows, even those belonging to the public-houses, spoke loudly of the power of a good man.

The Rev. Fred Hibbert, preaching at the Chapel Street Congregational Church, from Genesis v. 24: "And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." Though a poor man, he said Roger Haydock was rich in spiritual

graces; an uneducated man, he had the real culture of spiritual refinement. In humble circumstances, he had the influence which was ever exalted by goodness, and the effect of his life eternity alone will reveal. He was the friend of all, and his departure was the loss of all the Churches. He had lived through 94 years of hard work, of great struggle, and many difficulties, but as years passed by his character ripened, his faith deepened, and his nature became more beautiful. For over 40 years his work had been selling Bibles, and his own character was the best proof of what he sold. There was always room for difference of opinion in regard to the intellectual contents of the Christian religion. When they attempted to state in doctrinal form what they believed there was room for criticism and variance. But the life which was Christ-inspired, Christ-moulded, Christ-fashioned, was beyond the sphere of argument: it convinced by the quiet power of its own goodness. Roger Haydock had won the universal esteem of his fellow townsmen. He was one of those of whom all men spoke well. He had convinced men by the invincible power of his goodness. It was to be hoped that an attempt would be made by someone competent to preserve a record of the life of this saint, and give permanent form to some of those wise sayings which

came from him so naturally and so spontaneously. Mr. Robert Blatchford sneered at the idea of holiness, and had only gibes for those who were saints in Israel. He had no conception of the deep springs of character that flowed from communion with God and fellowship with Jesus Christ. But Roger Haydock confounded the materialistic philosophy of Blatchford and his school. They could not explain him. They could not account for him. It was not education, it was not social environment, that made him the saint he was. It was just his faith in God, his love for Jesus Christ, his confidence in the presence and power of the Holy Spirit that made his simple character so beautiful and Christlike. Mr. Blatchford could not rise above the counter-top of bread-and-butter politics. He had no insight into the deepest things of life, which were, after all, spiritual and eternal, and his system would fail (as all such systems had failed) to produce saints and God's noblemen like Roger Haydock. When our faith in men dies down, when we are in danger of becoming doubtful and pessimistic, when our confidence in goodness is shaken by the follies and sins of our fellows, we would remember the old saint who went in and out amongst us, whose faith never faltered, whose goodness never failed, and whose hope was ever buoyant.

Preaching at Whalley Range Presbyterian Church, the Rev. J. J. Glover said, that in the death of Mr. Haydock, Blackburn had lost one of her most honoured citizens. He was the type of the perfect Christian gentleman, and to see him walking along our streets was in itself a means of grace. The life and work of this good man teach us important lessons. The first is that the good man is the great man. True greatness is not a thing of circumstance, but of character. How true this was of Roger Haydock. It was his goodness, his Christlike life and character that made him great. It was this that made him universally loved and respected, and our town did itself the honour of according him a public funeral. The good man is not born great, he is made great by God. St. Paul, who became the synonym for spirituality of religion, said: "By the grace of God I am what I am." Nobody ever believed this with greater earnestness and sincerity than Mr. Haydock. "God's good," he would say, "all to Him I owe." Then there was the old man's love and reverence for the Bible. Think of him selling more than 100,000 copies, going about with one in each hand, telling everybody he met that here was a book telling them how to live and how to die. He gave the Bible the first place in his own heart and life. The memory of Roger's life will

remain with us as an illustration of the highest Christian character, and if these lessons get burned into our hearts, helping us to the same simple faith and loving trust in God which he had, the record of his noble life will not have been lived in vain.

The Editor of the *Blackburn Weekly Telegraph*, in a long article entitled "The Rich and Inspiring Record of a Bible-ennobled Life," closes by saying:—"The old man, looking back into the past with untroubled conscience, and serenely surveying the future, was an impressive figure. He was an inspiration to all who would fain hold by their ideals of right living, and an object lesson to those of us who seek to grasp after the little vanities of this life. To him wealth and worldly ambition were always strangers; but who amongst us is able to boast of a career so completely crowned with true happiness, and who dare venture to hope that his own declining years will be so unclouded as Roger Haydock's? By his simple faith he has enriched our Blackburn annals with the record of a singularly noble life."

Mr. James Alexander Watson says:—"How precious is the memory of my old friend Roger Haydock. He was a genuine soul, zealous and true-hearted; original in his works and ways, quaint in his speech, apt in his illustrations, and

loyal to his Master in all circumstances. My last meeting with him was as he neared his journey's end, lying on what proved to be his death-bed. When I said 'Well, Roger, you will find Jesus a very present help in your time of need?' With his old energy he said, 'Aye, I do; He's up to th' mark. He's twenty times better than I expected.'"

When Mr. Haydock had been a member of the Montague Street Primitive Methodist Church 50 years, the jubilee of his membership was celebrated. A crowded meeting was held in the Church. Mr. Daniel Thompson, the Circuit Steward, presided, and glowing tributes were paid to his worth and work by the Rev. W. Gelley, Mr. Joseph Cort, Mr. Thomas Cutler, Mr. W. Tattersall, and Councillor Sharples. An illuminated address was presented to him as a slight recognition of his services:—

"Primitive Methodist Connexion. Blackburn First Circuit. To Brother Roger Haydock. We, the undersigned, on behalf of the officials of this Circuit, beg to offer our sincere and hearty congratulations to you that you have been permitted under the providence of God, to celebrate your Jubilee in connection with the Primitive Methodist Church, having been a member for fifty years, a Class Leader and Local Preacher for 48 years, and Superintendent of Branch Road School

for 30 years. We cannot let such an event pass without expressing a high admiration of your Christian character, and for the noble service you have rendered to our Church, especially in those days when our cause was weak and the labour and toil of our large Circuit most exhausting. The work has been done by you without fee or reward. We also rejoice in the earnest and persistent efforts you have made to preach the cause of Temperance in our Band of Hope, and also by your advocacy in the open air amongst the masses of the town. We assure you in your old age that these labours of love are not forgotten by us, and we most devoutly pray that Almighty God may grant that your last days may be full of peace, and when your work is done on earth you may have abundant entrance into eternal life.—Signed: WILLIAM GELLEY, Chairman; RICHARD PICKERSGILL, Secretary; DANIEL THOMPSON, Circuit Steward. July 13, 1891."

CHAPTER X.—ROGER'S MEMORIAL.

He is dead, but his memory liveth;
He is gone, his example is here;
And the lustre and fragrance it giveth
Shall linger for many a year.

Window erected in the Primitive Methodist Church, Montague Street, to the Memory of Roger Haydock.

A beautiful stained-glass window was placed in the Primitive Methodist Church, Montague Street and unveiled twelve months after Mr. Haydock's death. This was done in the presence of a crowded congregation. The memorial and decorations cost £220. The window is rich in colouring, and of exquisite workmanship. The subject of the window is a most appropriate one. Roger was led to Christ through the preaching of a woman named Mrs. Susannah Pickles. He was taught to read by his wife, and inspired to Christian service by her, and he always said how much he owed to the late Mrs. Heywood, whom he regarded as his mother in Christ. How fitting, therefore, that the subject of the window should

Mr. JOSEPH CORT.

be "The Woman of Samaria at the Well." In the window there are four panels and large tracery, and the composition contains seven figures. On the first panel the lowering sun is casting its sheen upon the tops of the city of Sychar while the women come along with their watering pots. On the fourth panel the disciples are seen departing to buy bread. Within the two central panels are the two chief figures—the woman and the Saviour. The artist was Mr. Charles Elliott, of London, who worked at the instance of the makers, Messrs. Abbott & Co., of London and Lancaster. And the work was supervised by Mr. Luke S. Walmsley, who, because of his great reverence for Mr. Haydock, gave himself to this work with real devotion.

Mr. Joseph Cort said that he had been asked by the Committee to unveil the window in memory of one whose life was consecrated for over 60 years to all the activities of that Church. His piety was of the most intense and uniform character; he paid thousands of visits to sick beds, and he knew no man who more fully complied with the injunction "Pray without ceasing and in all things give thanks." They always found him ready to pray. His faith was of a strong but of a child-like nature. He was a splendid optimist, and always looked on the sunny side of things. He was a staunch advocate of temperance, and temperance

to Roger meant total abstinence. In and around Blackburn he had travelled thousands of miles on his temperance crusade. It had been his privilege to be associated with Mr. Haydock as scholar, and teacher, and co-superintendent in that School for 50 years. He hoped, as they looked on that window in the future, they would remember the grace and the virtues that went to make up such a noble character which stood for truth and temperance and righteousness. Removing the curtain which hung over the window, Mr. Cort said: "I unveil this window to the glory of God and to the memory of one who was truly ordained of God to be a teacher and preacher of the Gospel."

The Mayor, Mr. James Kay, J.P., who presided, spoke of his personal knowledge of Mr. Haydock, and of his great esteem and regard for him.

An eloquent sermon was then preached by the Rev. Fred Hibbert, who based his address on the text: "A good man is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold"—*Prov.* xxii. 1. He said that as a result of the loving affection and the kindly generosity of those who knew their old friend Roger Haydock, they had the pleasure of the dedication of that beautiful window to his memory and to the adornment of the Church he loved so much. The window

would serve a threefold purpose: it was a fitting memorial to the dead, it added to the beauty of the Church, and it would be an aid to reverent worship.

The inscription beneath the window is divided into four parts, each panel having an inscription of its own, and each inscription illustrating some phase of Roger's character and work. They read as follows:—

1ST PANEL.

To the glory of God. To Jesus Christ the Saviour of Men.
To call to remembrance the saintly character
Of Roger Haydock, Christian Worker, Temperance Reformer,
And Worthy Citizen,
Who entered into the reward of the pure and faithful
March 22nd, 1904. Aged 95.

2ND PANEL.

Finding peace to his soul in this Sanctuary,
He was afterwards associated
With the Christian ministries of the Church and Sunday School
For sixty-three years,
Fulfilling with rare conscientiousness
Unswerving zeal and punctuality
The offices of Local Preacher, Class Leader,
Sunday School Teacher and Superintendent,
Exemplifying by his own life and walk
The saving power of the truth he sought to inculcate.

3RD PANEL.

A Quarryman of memorable conversion,
Strong in homely dialect and speech,
Journeying for 37 years as a District Colporteur
Of the British and Foreign Bible Society,
Bold for Jesus, he became a unique figure
Through the town of Blackburn and the country around,
And also won in the annals of this institution
A high place as a faithful and honoured servant.

4TH PANEL.

The exalted influence of his life and abundant labours
In this Church and town
Will long abide and be cherished as a rich possession.
In grateful and loving appreciation
This Memorial Window is erected
By this Church and by gifts from the public of Blackburn.

CHAPTER XI.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.—LESSONS FROM ROGER'S LIFE.

The lives of good men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Roger's character was many-sided and was a rare combination of grace and strength. He united the saintly temperament with practical

ROGER HAYDOCK MEMORIAL WINDOW.

judgment. He was an unworldly man of the world. *Goodness* was the prevailing and controlling force of his life. Throughout his long life he maintained a very high standard of Christian character. His very walk in the streets of Blackburn was a benediction. To see him in his home, in the Church, in social conversation, was to behold an exemplary life. And as years multiplied upon him his graces ripened to maturity until his every feature and look and gesture, as well as his words and deeds, seemed to bear witness to the saintliness of the spirit which dwelt within, so that even the casual passer-by would recognise the presence of a good and Christly man. There are hundreds in Blackburn who will never forget his quaint and apt saying, "Thank God, we can all be good." It was this goodness which disposed him at all times to look for the best in every man. And is it not true—

> Men might be better, if we better deemed
> Of them. The worst way to improve the world
> Is to condemn it.

Joyousness was another striking feature in his character. His life was a book of joy. What sunshine beamed in his face. His was not only a buoyant, it was a radiant personality. I shall never forget one Sunday evening in the prayer

meeting. Roger said "I would like to sing the friends a solo." And he sang us two verses of the hymn—

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine;
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine,
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

This is my story, this is my song:
Praising my Saviour all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song:
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

And how his face was radiant as we joined with him in the chorus.

Low spirits and discontent, to weep here and grumble there, or whine yonder, never entered into the programme of his life. The constant joyousness of his nature made him always ready to enter into the gladness of things around him. A favourite verse of Roger's was—

Yes, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
God made us all, and God is good.

The following lines were written by the Rev. F. L. Shillito, and were suggested to him by a conversation with Roger Haydock in the Park.

He had been making his usual affirmation, "God is good."

GOD IS GOOD.

Old friend! is this the witness of the years
Of thy long journey, this that God is good?
Hast thou, then, fully proved His Fatherhood,
Amidst the rough and smooth, the joy and tears?

Thy life must oft have had its stress and fears,
Dark days as well as light, through storm and flood,
Oft duty called; thy toil so bravely stood
Brought thee no worldly harvests' golden ears.

Full, full of sunshine was thy path with God:
Thy face oft felt His kiss; thy life was bright,
For skies and birds, and flowers, and grassy sod
Did tell thee of His love. Not faith but sight
Of God was thine, when by thy side He trod.
Nigh five score years, thy eventide is light.

Whenever Roger entered any house in Blackburn he seemed to bring sunshine and an atmosphere that was all his own.

Another feature in his character was his *intense love for the Bible.* After he had learned to read, the New Testament was his constant companion. He took it with him to the quarry, and in the breakfast and dinner hour he perused its pages. When he found anything very precious, he would tell his wife when he returned home at

night, and they would read it together and rejoice over it. I have heard him quote more than once—

> When quiet in my house I sit
> Thy book be my companion still,
> My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
> Talk o'er the records of Thy will;
> And search the oracles divine,
> Till every heartfelt word be mine.

Prayerfulness was another strong feature of Roger's character. He was a living example of Montgomery's charming hymn: "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath." It was never with reluctance that he had to drag himself to the throne of grace. What was said of John Fletcher may with equal truth be said of him: "Without prayer he neither formed any design nor entered upon any duty. Without this he neither read nor conversed; without this he neither visited nor received a visitor." Prayer was the atmosphere of his life, and he expected and received the most evident answers. Mr. Robert Rawcliffe says that when Roger worked in the quarry, at dinner time he would take his meals with the other men, but before the work commenced he would retire some distance away and in the solitude would pray that "the Lord would mek him a good man." Prayer meetings were the delight of his soul: he was ever ready to join with a few to supplicate the throne

of grace. And to be with Roger and to hear him pray was to feel that one had seen the face of God.

Roger was also a man of *mighty faith*. His faith was wonderfully simple; he seemed almost a stranger to doubt. It was his invariable rule to carry everything, temporal or spiritual, great or small, to God, and having made known his request he felt confident of an answer. His trust in the Eternal was as simple as that of a child.

But of all the graces that adorned Roger's life there was none more conspicuous than the grace of *humility*. In all his intercourse with men, whether superior or inferior to himself, he was clothed with humility. This grace like a garment covered him from head to foot.

His zeal, his faithfulness to duty, his generosity, these are all seen in the stories which are recorded. And yet I feel in this sketch that I have failed to do complete justice to the goodness and child-like simplicity of his spirit, the purity of his aims and motives, and to his consecrated zeal and devotion to the service of God. Has not such a life as Roger's, imperfectly as it is sketched, a lesson for us. What an example of Christian usefulness in one of the humblest. He was only a working man. But see from his life's

story what he did. What are you doing? Have you a sphere of service? Are you a Sunday School teacher, a tract distributor, a visitor to the sick, a conductor of prayer meetings, a preacher of the Gospel? Surely, in some of these spheres, or in others, you can serve. How many talents will you have to answer for when the Lord comes to reckon with you?

Talk not of talents; what hast thou to do?
Thy DUTY, be thy portion FIVE or TWO.
Talk not of talents; is thy duty done?
Thou hast sufficient were they TEN or ONE.
Lord, what my talents are I cannot tell,
Till Thou shalt give me grace to use them well.
That grace impart: the bliss will then be mine,
But all the power and all the glory Thine.

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